Liberty

10¢

FEBRUARY 1949

- ***The Other Crosby***
- ***Beginning: Blood on the Snow***
- ***How good is your Child's School?***
- ***Movies' Answer to Television***
- ***Jimmy Durante's Personal Kinsey Report***

I WAS A SOVIET SLAVE GIRL

Amazing New *Scientific Discovery*

Curls and Waves

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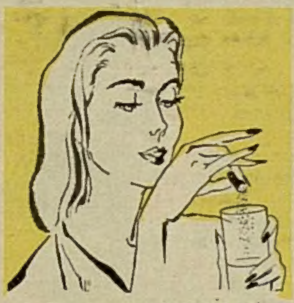
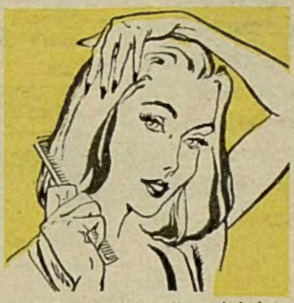
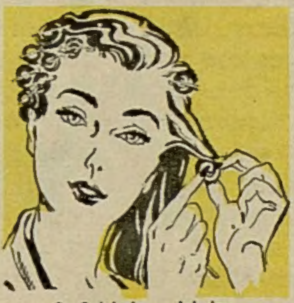
safe! The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule . . . gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . *in minutes*, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless . . . use after every shampoo . . . the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes—the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new shorter-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules *PROVED* Minit Curl far superior in every way . . . in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.

Exciting, Safe easy way gives soft, natural looking, longer lasting CURLS and WAVES in MINUTES

EASY TO USE: Just empty contents of *one* capsule in 2 to 3 ounces hot water. Comb solution generously through hair (*after shampooing*, with hair slightly damp) and set in waves, pin curls or curlers. (Use any type curlers or pins—metal, plastic.) Allow to dry, then comb or brush. Minit Curl contains a special *conditioning* element *Glorium*... It encourages each silken strand to acquire the natural lustrous wave or curl—you have always dreamed of having.


1. Dissolve capsule in 2 to 3 oz. hot water


2. Comb solution through hair


3. Set hair . . . let dry

WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN—who won't "sit still" long enough for permanents. Minit Curl is so quick and easy and leaves their hair *natural* and *healthy* in appearance!

Minit Curl
CURL CAPS

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Minit Curl
CURL CAPS

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DO NOT BE MISLEAD BY SUBSTITUTE CAPSULES—Remember *this* formula was perfected by the same chemist who pioneered the first original *SAFE* home cold wave solution. Be sure you buy the original, genuine Marlene's MINIT CURL CAPS in the green and brown package!

HOW IT WORKS—Minit Curl contains a new scientific *fixing* or *setting* ingredient combined with a *neutralizing* agency . . . plus the high lustre element *Glorium* . . . which conditions your hair, restoring its natural sheen, leaving it gloriously beautiful.

THE FACTS:

- Safe, harmless, easy to use.
- Conditions as it curls.
- Fastest method yet.
- Curls and waves every type hair (actually conditions and benefits bleached or dyed hair).
- Makes permanents unnecessary (yet restores old permanents and "controls" new permanents).
- Laboratory tested and approved.
- Develops natural waves and curls.
- No experience necessary.
- Each capsule makes 3 ounces

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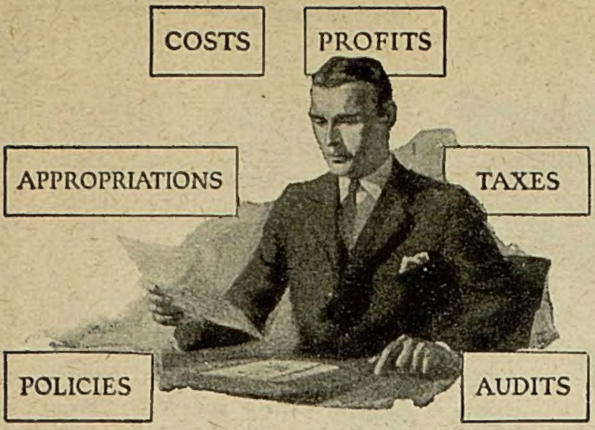

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Liberty
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

FEBRUARY CONTENTS

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Articles

I Was a Soviet Slave Girl. . *Janina Konar* as told to *Stacy V. Jones* 9
The Other Crosby. . . . *Ted Shane* 12
Ski Whiz *Maurine and Richard Neuberger* 16
Will You Be My Valentine? *Jimmy Durante* 18
How Good Is Your Child's School? *Edith Easton* 19
Independent Blonde *Elizabeth Wilson* 20
The World's Highest Railway *A. J. Bigley* 21
Theater Television. . . . *Fred Hift* 28

Stories

Blood on the Snow—Part I *George Armin Shaftel* 10
The Fastest Lap in Lapland *Elliott White Springs* 14
The Eviction of Benedict Codd *Crawford Sullivan* 22
Point of No Return *H. Vernor Dixon* 25

Home

Your Vacuum Cleaner—Maid of All Work, 30; Food, 32, 36; Plastic Tiles, 34; Decorating, 35

Pastime

Summer in Your Window *Jean Hersey* 39

Features

Vox Pop. 5
Liberty Goes to the Movies *Elizabeth Wilson* 7
Washington. . . . . *Stacy V. Jones* 8
Short Cuts. . . . . *Nanette Kutner* 37
Crossword Puzzle. 43

Cover

A Dog's Life
Photo by Ylla, Rapho-Guillumette

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ With this issue we inaugurate the Liberty Silver Jubilee story—a selection of outstanding interest from past issues of this magazine. This month's selection is THE FASTEST LAP IN LAPLAND by Elliott White Springs, originally published in the August 11, 1928, issue of Liberty. Colonel Springs is one of those rare authors who combine with art what Groucho Marx used to call a keen sense of double-entry bookkeeping. Not content with having been a highly successful writer, he is an outstanding American industrialist, the president of several great cotton mills and banking institutions. He is, moreover, no mere honorary colonel, having derived his rank from fighting service with the U. S. Army Air Force. As an airman in World War I, he is officially credited with having destroyed 11 enemy planes.

Other achievements of this author include participation in the first cross-country airplane race from New York City to Toronto in 1919.

When not flying or building industrial empires Colonel Springs has authored such stories as Who Steals My Pants Steals Trash; Pent Up on a Penthouse; and The Rise and Fall of Carol Banks. Older readers will remember the stories he wrote for Liberty—each characteristically bright and brash—and especially the one revived in this issue. Incidentally, we have dressed up that story, originally illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, with illustrations by one of the Colonel's favorite artists—the one who creates the provocative girls in his Springmaid ads.

■ Important news for March! Every reader of Liberty will be pleased! Not just because of its exciting article and fiction content, but something much bigger—which we would prefer to keep under our hats for the while. All we will say now is that nobody who has ever read Liberty will want to miss the March issue and everybody will like it better, we believe, than any issue of Liberty ever published. It's the beginning of still bigger things for Liberty. The March issue will be on sale about February 16. Hope to have you all with us then to celebrate the glad tidings.

—*D. B.*

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President, Franklin S. Forsberg; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Advertising Director, J. William Thomas; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

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Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

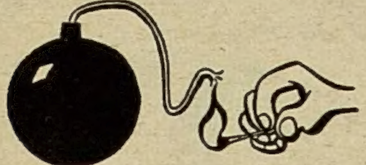
Season's Star Story

PORTSMOUTH, VA. – To Virginia Greene Millikin I send my sincere appreciation for her beautiful Bearing Gifts story (December). I have just finished reading it to my daughters, ten and eleven. We shared smiles and tears together over it. Tomorrow they are taking it to their school classroom.–*Mrs. L. A. White.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.–May I express my appreciation for your very fine Christmas story, Bearing Gifts. This story should bring a Christmas message of courage, hope, and love to every American.–*William L. Eury.*

The Word Before War

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.–I read with interest the article What American Reds Will Do if War Comes (December). The title is a misleader. The "if" should have been "when."–*Tom James.*



Note from the Editor

You may have noticed – although none of you wrote us to say so – a printing error in Nanette Kutner's article on straightening teeth (December). In the sentences which should have read: "The experts say the best age to begin straightening–for medical purposes–is between 11 and 15. But one child's 11 may be another child's 15," the word "one" replaced the intended "11."

Message from Maine

ROCKPORT, MAINE–The students of Maine will take over the State House on December 4 as senators, representatives, or lobbyists. There'll be a student governor too! Bills will be considered. What other states have legislatures of high-school students from their social studies classes? May we hear from some? – *Mrs. Grace Brown, Director.*

One Way of Love

ALLONS, TENN.–I believe that the adoption of a child offers a far better alternative than artificial insemination (Fathers by Proxy, November). It exhibits the love of the man for his child-craving wife, that of the wife for her unfertile husband, and the love of both for the child and for the truth and for God. – *Charles Reeves.*

SMOOTH is the word for the man with P.A.*

● Pipe Appeal is that extra attraction of the man who smokes a pipe. And when that pipe is packed with mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert – you have really smooth smoking!

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Spaghetti in Green Pepper Cases

Recipe

Wash 6 medium green peppers. Cut off tops. Remove seeds. Drop into boiling salted water—remove pan from fire—let stand 5 min.—then drain. Fry 1 lb. sausage meat until brown. Crumble into small bits with fork, and drain. Combine with contents of a tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Sprinkle inside of peppers with salt. Fill each with Spaghetti mixture. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate hot oven (375° F.) from 30 to 40 min.

Many a leftover or inexpensive cut of meat tastes *doubly* delicious combined with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! It's rich—nourishing—packed with the flavor of nippy, cheese-flavored tomato sauce! Try Heinz Cooked Spaghetti alone, too. It's *thrifty!*

HEINZ Cooked SPAGHETTI

It's extra good because it's HEINZ

TOP SECRET!

?
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What is the *BIG* news about Liberty?

Be sure to get the March issue for the answer!

On Sale About Feb. 16

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES

by Elizabeth Wilson

Fred MacMurray finds his honeymoon crowded.

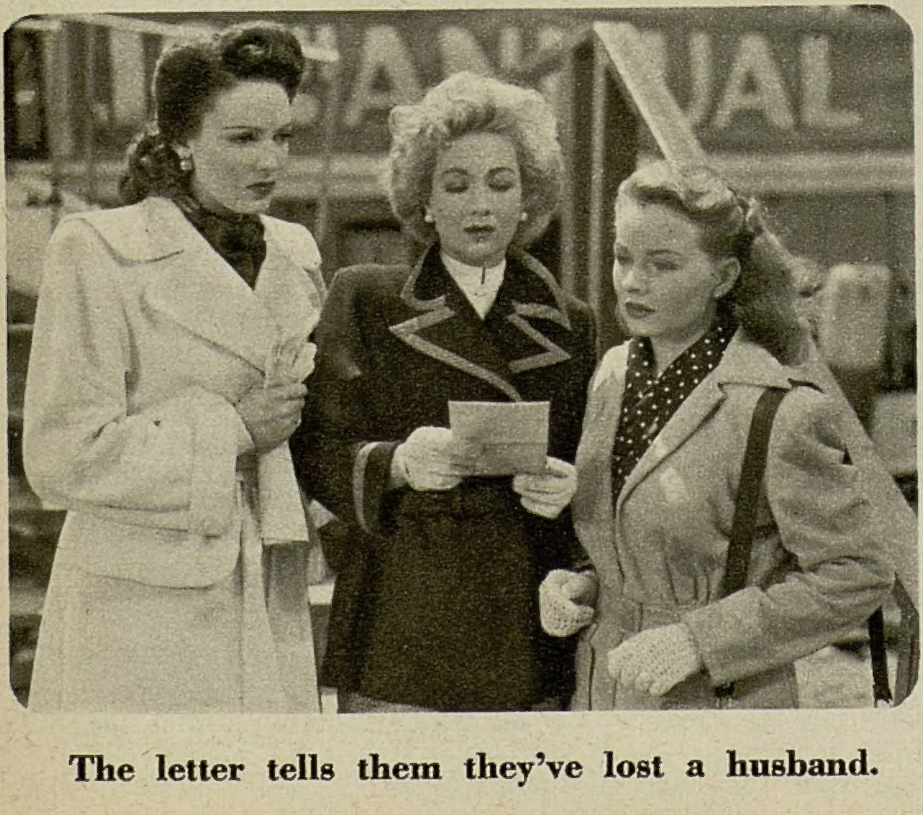
FAMILY HONEYMOON

■ Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, teamed for the seventh time, provide laughs galore in Universal-International's hilarious comedy Family Honeymoon. Claudette plays an attractive young widow with three children (Gigi Perreau, seven; Peter Miles, ten; and Jimmy Hunt, nine). She and a shy botany professor in a small gossipy college town are preparing to get married. Just before they meet at the altar, Claudette's sister (Lillian Bronson) falls downstairs and breaks a leg. There is no one to look after the children, so the newlyweds take them on their honeymoon. The youngsters make Fred's life miserable. They call him "that man" and intrude on his privacy, even in the shower. Then a predatory blonde (Rita Johnson) completely upsets the honeymoon applecart. Claudette finally leaves for home in a huff because Fred spanked the children for hijacking the hotel elevator. But Fred follows her and, of course, everything turns out happily.

ENCHANTMENT

■ Producer Sam Goldwyn is an old hand at converting sensitive, romantic stories into sensitive, romantic films. And just as Dark Angel delighted you—that is if you weren't born yesterday, or the day before—so will his latest venture into charm and romance. Enchantment was adapted by playwright John Patrick from Rumer Godden's atmospheric A Fugue in Time. The story shuttles between the past and the present and covers a span of three generations of a distinguished British family. David Niven, as a handsome old general who has never married, is dreaming of Lark (Teresa Wright), his sweetheart of long ago, when he is interrupted by an American girl in a WAC uniform (Evelyn Keyes). She's his great-niece. While in England on war duty, the general's niece falls in love with a Canadian soldier (Farley Granger) who happens to be Lark's great-nephew. Thanks to the general's advice, this romance ends happily. This film is a field day for the ladies.

David Niven and Teresa Wright in Enchantment.



The letter tells them they've lost a husband.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES

■ Addie Ross, a fascinating character in Twentieth Century-Fox's picture A Letter to Three Wives, is quite a girl. Men adore her and women hate her. In the film you never see her. You only hear her voice, low, warm, and provocative. The three wives of this highly entertaining picture are Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, and Linda Darnell. They are married respectively to Jeffrey Lynn, socialite; Kirk Douglas, schoolteacher; and Paul Douglas, chain-store owner. While the wives call Addie their "dearest friend," they are all jealous of her. As they are about to start on a day's outing, they get a letter from Addie. She says she has stolen the husband of one of the wives, but doesn't say which one. In a series of highly amusing flashbacks, each decides that her husband has a right to be fed up with her. Paul Douglas, former sports announcer who turned actor in Broadway's successful play Born Yesterday, makes his film debut in this picture.

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Liberty WASHINGTON

by Stacy V. Jones

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The RFC doesn't try to compete with banks, nor does it give away money. It prefers to have a bank participate, and about half the loans are of that kind. Most of the straight RFC loans run for about four years, which is longer than banks ordinarily care to grant; but the RFC can lend for ten years if necessary. Collateral is required, and may be a mortgage on such assets as real estate, machinery, and equipment.

To be eligible, an enterprise has to be privately owned and conducted for profit. It may be operated by an individual, partnership, or corporation.

The current interest rate charged by the RFC is 4 per cent, but a bank is permitted to charge up to 6 per cent on its share of a loan.

Recently, small loan applications have been increasing and are coming in at the rate of about 9,000 a year.

The procedure is first to consult your bank or other lending institution. Perhaps you'll find the banker willing to make a loan if the RFC takes part of it, and in that case either you or the banker can approach the RFC. There are 33 RFC offices in large cities, to the nearest of which you can apply either in person or by letter. The address of the head office is Washington 25, D. C.

Pantry Guardians • The Food and Drug Administration would like to hear from you if you think some food, drug, or cosmetic sold interstate is misbranded or impure. But most of the administration's work is done before products reach your pantry or your medicine cabinet.

Dr. Paul B. Dunbar, Food and Drug Commissioner, urges you to read labels carefully, for they must tell in general what a package contains and what its net weight is. For instance, if you see two boxes of cereal of about the same size, don't buy the one with the lower price tag until you have compared the net weights.

Drug labels must show, among other things, the active ingredients, directions for use, and warnings against misuse. Insulin, penicillin, and streptomycin are all pretested, and so are coal-tar colors such as those used in lipsticks and candies, but it's impossible to inspect every grocery and drugstore item before it goes on sale.

Dangerous cosmetics are now rare, according to Dr. Dunbar. The question most frequently asked his office is whether the home waving kits for cold permanents are safe. The answer is yes, unless you have a very sensitive scalp that can't stand any permanent waving.

The Food and Drug Administration has 16 laboratories in large cities from Boston to Los Angeles, and inspector posts in smaller places. Complaints may be made to any of them or to Washington. Don't send samples; the bureau buys its own. (Meat and poultry inspection is handled by the Department of Agriculture.)

Outdoor Films • **For your club, church, or school entertainments you may find some of the Forest Service films interesting. The most popular is a 16-mm. sound film, Realm of the Wild, which shows big game, smaller animals, and birds in their native woods. A dramatic one-reeler called Then It Happened tells the story of Maine's disastrous fire of 1947. Everyman's Empire is a new color film covering all the major uses of the national forests, including timber, wildlife, recreation, water supply, and flood control. For a list of available films and the depositories near you from which they can be borrowed (usually at a small service charge), write Forest Service, Washington 25, D. C.**

Medals • Besides making money for you, the U. S. Mint has a side line—medals. You can get, for instance, a three-inch bronze likeness of President Harry S. Truman, modeled from life, complete with glasses, bow tie, and World War I discharge button. Executed by John R. Sinnock, it is one of 32 in the Presidential series.

In all, the mint turns out 172 different bronze medals, some authorized as early as 1776.

The Presidential series grew out of the silver peace medals presented to Indian chiefs. At the time of the Revolution, American officials got the Indians to give up those bearing the likenesses of George II and George III, and gave in exchange medals showing the American coat of arms. During Washington's Presidency the design was changed to show his famous profile, and on the reverse clasped hands and a peace pipe crossed with a tomahawk. In more recent medals the Indian motif has been replaced by national emblems.

The mint charges $1.50 for each Presidential medal, from Washington to Truman, plus postage (15 cents will cover a single medal). Prices of others vary with the sizes, from 35 cents to $10.

To order medals or to obtain a list of them, address the Superintendent, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia 30, Pa. Remittances should be in cash or postal money order. ■■

"While men watched, we were forced to undress. All devotional articles were taken away."

I was a Soviet slave girl

Here for the first time through a woman's eyes is revealed the horror and the brutality of Russia's slave labor camps

reading time 13 minutes

By Janina Konar, as told to Stacy V. Jones

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Janina Konar is a former member of the Polish underground, and guided refugees over the mountains into Hungary. Her real name cannot be revealed because of danger to relatives behind the Iron Curtain. She is now in the United States, and has written her full story in a book whose tentative title is Freedom Lost.]

■ For six months I was a prisoner in unspeakable Soviet jails, and for more than a year after that I was a Russian slave laborer. I often marvel that I survived the near-starvation, exposure, abuse, and overwork of those 18 months. The fact that I did can be laid largely to a good foundation of health, and partly, I suppose, to luck.

In 1939 Russia and Germany began feasting on the carcass of Poland. The Russians not only stole our coveted possessions, but deported a million and a half Polish citizens from the area. Everybody who could be

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY KURT SCHELLING

BLOOD ON THE SNOW

by George Armin Shaftel

Beginning a raw, tense drama the snow-filled high Sierras couldn't hide—a drama of love, hatred, and murder

IN TWO PARTS – PART ONE

■ From the moment Larssen climbed into the company car beside him, John Bailey sensed his hostility. It was disturbing. Three years ago John had been teamed with Gunnar Larssen to do snow survey work for Southern Power Corporation; and part of his pleasure in returning to civilian engineering had been the thought of pairing again with Larssen on patrols into the deep snow country.

From Los Angeles, John had driven to Bishop and there picked up Larssen. Then, following behind a rotary plow, they angled into the Sierras, up into the high watershed. From the start, Gunnar Larssen had hardly spoken. And as they followed the big plow and the arching plume of snow it hurled off the road, John faced the fact that Larssen was unfriendly, and John quit his attempts to bring back that easy comradely relationship they had shared before. John withdrew into his own troubled thoughts, and girded himself for the ordeal ahead. The snowplow would take them to the end of the highway, at the six-thousand-foot altitude at Windy Point. There they would leave the car and continue on to the high snow courses aboard a snow tractor driven by Raoul Mercer. Waiting for them, with Mercer, would probably be his daughter, Mary.

"Why did you come back to this job?" Larssen demanded.

The question was abrupt, harsh, as if pent-up feeling within him was bursting out. John looked at him, amazed and concerned.

John asked quietly, "Why shouldn't I? And why should you resent it?"

Gunnar Larssen's weathered face flushed hot. He did not reply.

Half an hour farther on, the snowplow stopped. They were at Windy Point, the entrance to a gap into the range. Here the tractor was waiting. As John stopped the car, Gunnar Larssen stepped out and strode ahead to the tractor. John sat a moment, tautening his nerves, telling himself that after three years he should not care at all. But he saw Mary, and his pulse leaped and his breath was tight in his throat.

Three years. It was odd, thinking back, how at times Mary's face had faded to recollection; but a scent of jasmine, or a bar of familiar music, or the swift dip of a swallow like the swoop of a graceful figure on skis, would bring back memories with a sharpness that would catch him up taut and trembling. So he delayed a moment, and looked out of the car at Mary as she walked over to the plow and called hello to the driver.

"Hi, Nat! How's the family?"

"Just fine, Mary. The twins got Ruth worn out, though."

"Look, Nat. I'll come down next week and take over. You and Ruth drive to L. A. for a couple days."

"The twins'd run you ragged, Mary."

"Sure, but I'd love it! Give Ruth a break."

"I'll tell her. Thanks a lot, kid."

She was wearing a pullover parka of pale blue, with a belt and drawstring neckline, and a hood over her light-brown hair, and she made a slim, vital figure with the brightness of sun and morning in her lovely face. She seemed a bit taller, and her blue eyes were more vivid than he recalled, her body more lithe and supple. Otherwise she had not changed. Their personal tragedy had not dimmed the singing vitality of her voice or weighted her graceful walk.

He swallowed hard and he thought, Why did I have to be such a fool?

■ He stepped out of the car—a rangy, dark-eyed, dark-haired man with a hint of a swagger to his stride, a quirk of wry humor to his strong mouth, a hint of challenge to the jut of his chin, too-deep crow's-feet about keen eyes that betrayed the restless drive and discontent within him. He stalked toward Mary, his mouth suddenly parched and an inner girding tensing him. How do you greet the wife you lived with for three years and haven't seen for another three years? How do you suddenly heal over the wretched, bitter loneliness and loss that've been a raw wound in the heart?

Mary saw him and caught a sharp breath, color fading from her bright cheeks and her vivid eyes darkening with naked shock.

"John! It's you. B-but why didn't you let us know?"

She came toward him, and for a wild instant he thought that she was coming into his arms. But she

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

reading time 34 minutes

The other Crosby

Almost anybody else with a big-timer like Bing Crosby for a brother would have been as overshadowed as a mouse in a circus tent. But not brash Bob Crosby

by Ted Shane

reading time 10 minutes

■ Just after George Robert Crosby, better known as Bob Crosby, was born on August 23, 1913, in the front room of the Crosby home in Spokane, Washington, Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr., better known as Bing, gruffly asked his mother, "Well, what is it?"

"It's a boy, Bing!" whispered Mrs. Kate Crosby softly.

"Well, it had better be!" snapped Bing.

Bing Crosby was 12 then, and being the "baby" of the family (there are seven Crosbys in all, five boys, two girls) is a humiliating position that only members of large families can understand. With Bob's arrival the pressure was off. But being second from the youngest had its drawbacks, too.

Just as next-older brother Everett had been unofficial guardian and boss of Bing (Everett is now Bing's general manager), so Bing became official ditto of brother Bob.

"I was twelve before I knew Bing wasn't my father, and I never had any clothes of my own till I grew up," laughs Bob. "By the time I got to high school, Bing had made good, and his clothes were pretty sharp-looking. I was the only sophomore who ever went to class dressed like a bookmaker."

When Bob stopped toddling, Bing began adopting a big-brother attitude toward him. When it came time for Bob to learn to swim, Bing pushed him in fully clothed, then walked away. "And he's been doing it ever since," chuckles Bob. "But don't get me wrong. We Crosbys like to play it deadpan toward one another: hearts of gold behind gruff exteriors. We'd die for one another, but we'd die deadpan. Bing pushed me in for my own good and I'm glad he did."

There is little doubt that Bob Crosby has arrived at maturity and success staggering under a considerable load. Not only has he had a younger-brother complex, but Bing takes some topping even among non-relatives. However, Bob Crosby at 35 is a star in his own right. A handsome, personable fellow of 190 pounds and 6 feet in height, he can sing like a baritone nightingale and project the Crosby warmth and blarney. He appears in movies, has made records that have equaled Bing's in sales, commands an excellent salary, and right now has a top-ranking radio show, called Club 15, over CBS.

Bob has never tried to cash in on Bing's reputation, but he's constantly being reminded of the big-timer.

Every day fan letters come in among his own which read: "Dear Bob: I like you and your singing very much—please send a picture of Bing."

Today there are signs that Bob's sensitivity is becoming sublimated, as the psychiatrists say. He has formed the Wrong Brothers Club, with such charter members as Jack Hope, Bob Hope's brother; Benny Goodman's brother, Harry; Bob Haymes, Dick Haymes' brother. They get together for laughs. On Bob's programs and in his conversation there are more laughs. Bob admits Bing is a blood relative, only his blood is richer. "The only difference between Bing and me is a full head of hair and ninety-nine million dollars. Bing has the money; I have the hair," Bob says.

The jokes have a way of occasionally being two-edged. One day in 1942, Bing turned up at Camp Pendleton on the West Coast and ran into brother Bob in a Marine lieutenant's uniform. Bob had enlisted, evidently without Bing's knowledge. "What are you doing here?" was Bing's abrupt greeting. Bob explained.

"You mean the Marines—the U. S. Marines—made you a full-fledged lieutenant?" Bing asked nonchalantly.

Bob said it was so.

"This," Bing said, "changes the odds. The Japs are now eight-to-five favorites!"

■ When the black-haired, blue-eyed, plumpy Bob came into the world, the Crosbys were a thrifty, hard-working, devout Irish Catholic family, with deep American roots. Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr., earned about $150 a month bookkeeping for a cannery; big brothers Larry, Ted, and Everett pitched in to add a mite to the sum.

Mother Kate Crosby was an Irish-American mother, standard brand. "We had good food and clean clothes and went to Mass on time," Bob says. "She always had a little something in the cookie jar for emergencies." The elder Crosbys, now in the mid-seventies, live in Hollywood.

Bob entered Gonzaga College with one eye on the law and one eye on the world of entertainment. He earned a few tuition dollars singing the vocals with pick-up college bands. At that time Bob played no musical instrument. Later he learned to play the drums so he could get a card in the musicians' union.

Bing was singing with the Rhythm Boys in San Francisco when he ran into band leader Anson Weeks, playing at the Mark Hopkins Hotel. Bing mentioned his singing kid brother to Weeks, who promptly called Bob Crosby in Spokane. Said he was looking for a vocalist and could Bob get on some local radio program. This would act as an audition. Weeks heard Bob on station KFPY and hired him at $100 a week!

Bob progressed to San Francisco and a career via a call on Bing. He wanted to drop in on his big brother for a few pointers. "Bing was lying on a couch resting when I walked in on him. I hadn't seen him for a long time. 'How are you, son? How are the folks?' he said, and then went to sleep. I hung around for four days, trying to get up nerve to ask for some professional advice. I finally asked a question. 'Keep your nose clean, lad!' was all he said. So I left."

The Bob Crosby debut was hardly a triumph. He neglected to put on suspenders and had to spend the evening singing with his hands firmly *(Continued on page 58)*

During rehearsal Bob holds his hand to his ear to catch the result of his own singing.

Building model airplanes, with Mrs. Crosby, Stephen, Kathy, Christopher, and Bobby, Jr.

Bob Crosby has his own radio show which he calls Club 15. It's heard nightly over CBS.

THE FASTEST LAP IN LAPLAND

A flight of the imagination

by Elliott White Springs

reading time 16 minutes

This story by Elliott White Springs was originally published in Liberty August 11, 1928. It is reprinted now as part of Liberty's Silver Jubilee program—a program which will feature the republication of selections of outstanding interest from past issues.

■ I dropped in to see Mr. Augustus Travis in Jonesburg last week. I found him stretched out on a divan, with his right foot clothed in bandages and his face showing acute pain. In response to my query, he told me he had forgotten it was frostbitten and had just tried to kick a radio salesman out of the house.

"There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere!" I exclaimed. "Because I know you are a radio fan. And as for the frostbite—say, it's been so hot this year that you couldn't go to hell from this town without catching pneumonia. You must have been trying to thaw out a blonde."

He regarded me with a tolerant smile and replied:

"I broke the ice all right, old chap—but up North with a dark eyed Lapp."

I eagerly pulled up a chair and urged him to give me the facts. Speaking in his usual rhyme, he said:

You know about the tragic fate that ruined me and Terry Pate the day that flapper, Nancy Green, messed up our flight to Argentine. Well, after that ill timed event, Pate's wife gave him a cranium dent. As soon as he recuperated, he looked me up one day and stated:

"My life, Gus, is one round of hell. My wife just waits to sound the bell so she can start our daily bout and floor me with a good knockout. I know where I would place my money if she should get a match with Tunney."

"Oh, well," I said, "you should be glad that she has not picked up this fad of sending hubby to the chapel with wire prints on his Adam's apple."

"No matter," sighed he, with a groan. "Much dripping soon wears down the stone. I'm much too young to get the crape—and, Gus, there's only one escape. Our hapless flight to Argentine make us as welcome as gangrene around this stiff-necked town. We've got to win ourselves renown and rid ourselves of such a stigma. I think I've solved this deep enigma.

"Now, I'm a good blacksmith by trade, but I have sold spiked lemonade till I have cash enough at home to get a lease on Teapot Dome. I have a plan. If you are game I'll finance our pursuit of fame.

"Now polar flights are quite the fad. They drive the press and public mad. The gossip of the common herd consists of arctic hops by Byrd and Wilkins' jump across the Pole. To get on this immortal scroll, one only needs a sealskin coat and some old prewar flying boat. So I've been delving into books and picking out a few safe nooks where we could play this headline game and take a nice short cut to fame.

"Now, here's how we'll erase this blot by striking while the iron is hot. We'll sail for Sweden Sunday night. That's where we'll have to start our flight. We'll buy a big balloon up there, then wire the papers everywhere that we are going out in search of Lars Dupress and Bjorsten Burch, the famed explorers who were lost sometime ago in Lapland's frost.

"These two explorers, you remember, disappeared in late November just about two years ago, and never came back from the snow. The world will call us brave heroes to challenge Lapland's cold zeros to find a pair of lunatics who doubtless skated across the Styx. The press thrives on this kind of stuff. But this bold flight will be a bluff, for when we reach some open ground, we'll land at once and stick around until the headlines flash the tale, 'Balloonists Lost on Icy Sail.' We'll bum a sleigh ride then to Nome and catch the packet boat back home. The world will marvel at the search we made for Lars Dupress and Burch, and folks who long since thought us dead will clap the halos on our head.

"On that day you can pay your debts indorsing soup and cigarettes, and make your wife recall the day she sighed that nuptial word 'obey.' "

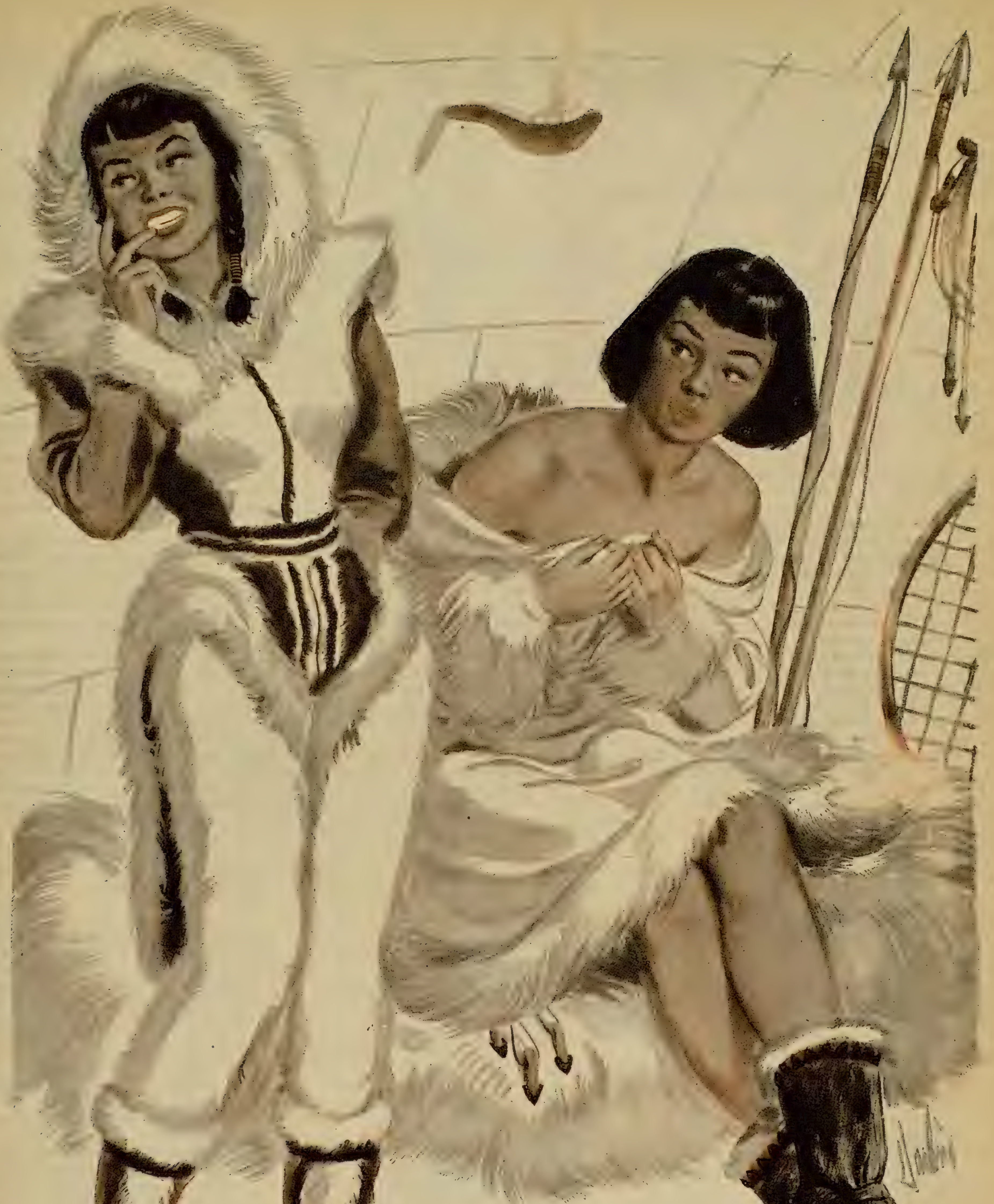
■ Now Terry had a tragic dearth of facts about old Mother Earth. He always thought a hemisphere a rare species of Texas steer; and latitude and longitude he thought were brands of breakfast food. Four thousand miles upon the map seemed but a stone's throw to this sap. But my wife, to my deep chagrin, had bought a brand new rolling-pin. Unless I rustled up some dough, the next thing bred would sure be woe. With things at home in such a state, I cast my lot with Terry Pate.

Two weeks later there we were up in the Northern Lights' pale blur, our big balloon tied to a stump and all set for our polar jump. We carried beer, not sand, for weights; our ballast would be empty crates.

Countless Swedes stood round it gaping, listening to the gas escaping. Wild geese flew close down to see what sort of egg the thing could be. Reporters with a foreign screech cheered us when I made a speech. 'Twas hard to gather from my quack which spilled more gas, me or the sack. The flags were hoisted. Hats were thrown. The band wore out a saxophone. When food and booze were stored on board, the old gas bag was soon unmoored. She grunted twice, then cleared the trees, and sailed off on a northeast breeze.

For hours I was so full of beer I thought that I was Paul Revere. But Pate soon said, "Lay off the cup before you drink the ballast up." We found we'd drunk the kite so dry we'd risen more than two miles high. At this bad news I sobered some and asked how far he thought we'd come. He scratched his head

(Continued on page 51)



Judging by their sparkling eyes,
our visit proved a nice surprise.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Ski whiz

On the ski slopes or at the swimming pool, Gretchen Fraser fits any sports picture.

by Maurine and Richard Neuberger

reading time 11 minutes

A slim American housewife triumphed where America's brawniest male skiers failed for years. Yet Gretchen Fraser would rather be a housewife

■ More people ski in the United States than in any other land on earth. But little 115-pound Gretchen Fraser, 5 feet 4 inches in height, the only American ever to be awarded an Olympic Games championship gold medal for skiing, would rather cook, sew, and keep house than ski.

Twenty-nine-year-old Gretchen Fraser, brown-eyed and with golden pigtails, looks more like a Hollywood model than a skier. In fact, even before she became the No. 1 woman skier of the world, she had many offers to model all kinds of garments.

Gretchen is married to husky broad-shouldered Don Fraser, who skied in the 1936 Olympics but encountered the same persistent failure as other Americans in international competition. Until Don's nimble wife swooped down the special slalom course at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in 1 minute 57 seconds, no American could wear the gold Olympic skiing medal with its stirring Latin inscription of *Citius, Altius, Fortius*—Faster, Higher, Farther.

Then came the bright winter day when Gretchen stood at the brink of the slalom course. She was a crouched-over streak as she moved like a projectile down the steep slope to the finish line. The judges huddled. Then the presiding judge made a signal to the leader of the military band. On the clear alpine air rang the first long notes of the American national anthem. To the top of the tallest flagpole in St. Moritz soared the Stars and Stripes.

Never did an Olympic audience shout as the vast crowd at St. Moritz shouted in that dramatic moment. Where America's brawniest male skiers had failed repeatedly, a slim American housewife had triumphed in her first Olympic competition.

But Gretchen's first Olympic competition, amazingly spectacular though it was, will also be her last. "I'm happily married," she explains. "You can't be that and go on skiing for world titles, so I'm definitely quitting skiing. My husband and home are more important to me than continuing as a championship skier."

Gretchen is realistic about her ability on a pair of boards sliding downhill. "I expect to be a housewife for a long time," she says. "There are always newer, younger, and stronger skiers to crowd you out of first place. I am leaving the field to them right now. I am content to be Mrs. Don Fraser of Vancouver, Washington. That title means more to me than all the ski titles in the world." She also expects to have the title of mother in a few months.

Gretchen and her husband own a wooded tract of land just beyond the eastern city limits of Vancouver. It overlooks the surging Columbia River, and it has a panoramic view of the snow-capped summits of Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood. Gretchen knows just the sort of house she wants to build on this idyllically located spot.

The house will be low and rambling, with windows from floor to ceiling. There will be an elevated hearth, ample overhanging eaves, and a modern kitchen. Gretchen likes to cook and she insists the kitchen must contain all the latest devices.

But it will cost money to construct this house to Gretchen's specifications, particularly if it contains the spacious beamed playroom on which she and Don have set their hearts. So for a while America's only Olympic skiing champion will work temporarily at Sun Valley.

Gretchen Fraser is unquestionably the most photogenic victor in Olympic annals. She has a peaches-and-cream complexion. Pigtails characterize her youthful personality. She wears them dangling in schoolgirl fashion for all sports events and around the house. At formal parties they are piled on her head in a coronet of braids.

Gretchen is graceful and slim, and more than one behemoth skier has whistled admiringly at the trim figure of the Olympic champion. Modeling offers have come to her from many clothing manufacturers and swim-suit makers, too, for Gretchen is a star swimmer as well as skier.

■ How does a 115-pound girl become the greatest skier ever produced by a nation of 140,000,000 people?

Parents of Norwegian and German ancestry probably help. Until 1948, tanned Amazons from Scandinavia and Germany had won the vast bulk of women's Olympic skiing titles. Gretchen Kunigk was born in Tacoma, on the shores of Puget Sound, in 1919. Her father was a native of Germany; her mother had migrated from Norway.

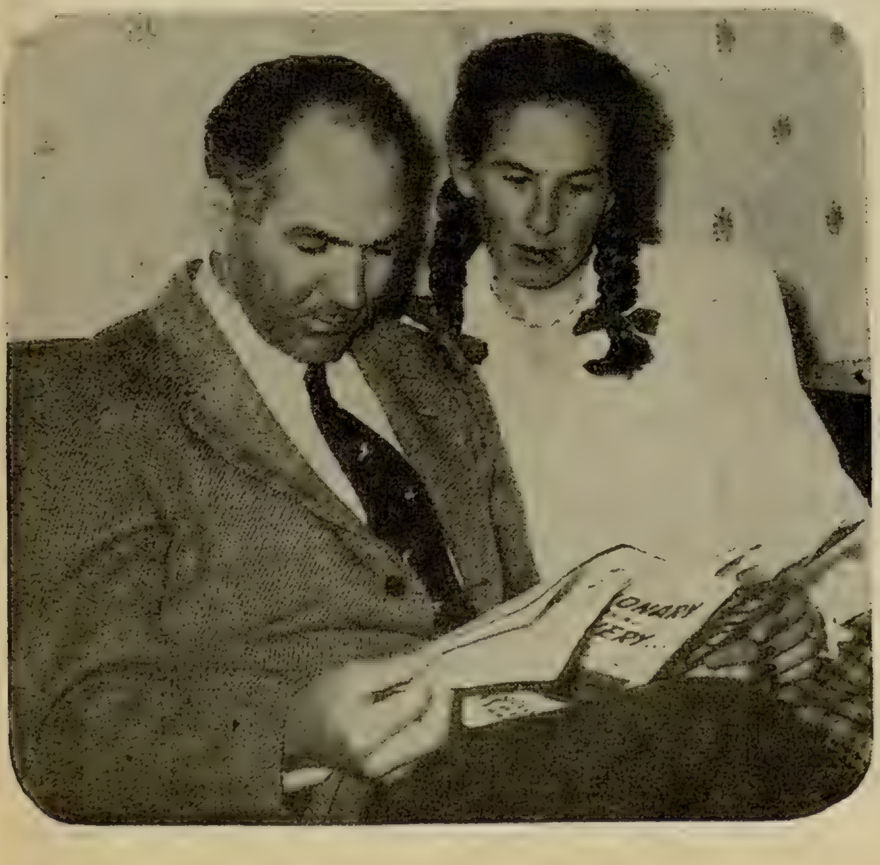
At an early age Gretchen demonstrated she was a natural athlete. She could flash through the icy waters of the Sound like a Chinook salmon. Her golf shots were straight and true. She moved effortlessly across a tennis court. At the age of 15 she commenced going to Mount Rainier with her high-school friends. She came home enthusiastically one Sunday evening and said she had strapped on skis for the first time. From the beginning Gretchen was a natural on skis.

In 1937 she met Don Fraser. He coached her and watched from the side lines while she won 17 cups in quick succession. In 1939 Gretchen and Don decided to put their trophies on the same mantelpiece.

After their marriage in Tacoma, the Frasers moved to Sun Valley, where Don was winter sports director. Under the skillful direction of Otto Lang she improved the fine points of her technique—turns, stops, crouches, jumping. She doubled for Sonja Henie in the movie, Sun Valley Serenade, but neither Otto nor her husband would let her accept any money for the role. Her amateur standing could not be imperiled.

In 1942 Don Fraser enlisted in the navy. Gretchen

Mr. and Mrs. Don Fraser at home. Husband and home are more important than skiing, she says.



This is the skiing form that made her women's slalom champion of the world at the Olympics.

followed him from boot camp to boot camp in the United States.

When Don was discharged from the service as a full lieutenant, he and Gretchen moved to Vancouver, where Don went into the fuel-distributing business.

Apart from her prodigious skiing feats, Gretchen is extraordinarily versatile. She entered race horses three years in succession at Washington's colorful Puyallup Fair and won every time. Not only is she a talented swimmer, but she also has been awarded several trophies for her graceful high diving.

In addition to these accomplishments, Gretchen holds an airplane pilot's license. Don Fraser, too, is a licensed flyer.

Gretchen's first national championship was won in slalom racing in 1940. The next year, in the granite majesty of Yosemite National Park, she so excelled in all events that she became America's combined ski champion for women. She has been unchallenged in the United States ever since.

Gretchen believes that many American girls have the physique, stamina, and temperament to be great skiers. But she emphasizes the singleness of purpose which trophy skiing demands. "It's like excelling at the piano or on the golf links," she explains—"it takes huge quantities of time." Gretchen adds that this is a dominant reason why her skiing activities now will be confined to posing for pictures at Sun Valley Lodge. Championship skiing and a happy marriage, in her estimation, are difficult to synchronize.

Gretchen gives much of the credit for her Olympic Games triumph to Walter Haensli, a Swiss skier who helped coach the Americans.

■ To one other factor Gretchen attributes the fact that she is the only American in history to win an Olympic skiing medal. That factor is her own lack of nerves. "If you can lick tension and anxiety," she says, "you have a head start over the field. You don't make mistakes. You reach decisions rationally. I think I could stay calm in a tornado or typhoon. That helps a lot in ski racing."

Although she intends to retire from competitive skiing, Gretchen is still a little breathless over the fame which has come to her from that one swift rush downhill in Switzerland. When she flew to Norway to visit her mother's relatives, a summons arrived from the king's palace. Crown Prince Olaf desired to meet the young American woman of Norwegian descent who had beaten the most talented women skiers of Norway.

When Gretchen returned to America, she was entertained in New York by her old friend from Sun Valley, Sonja Henie. Sonja looked at Gretchen's slender figure and appealing braids, and mentioned the possibility of a movie career. Gretchen shook her head. She was going back to Vancouver and be a housewife. She has not swerved from this intention.

"With me," says Gretchen, "skiing is stimulating and exciting—but emphatically secondary." ■■

WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

by Jimmy Durante

Jimmy, the Great Lover, complains of too many near-misses

■ In speaking of valentines, modesty permits me to say that girls often compare me with Van Johnson. The only trouble is, they all seem to prefer Van. Ever since I was a little boy, romance has been a pro-and-con preposition with me—I'm pro romance, but the girls keep connin' me out of it.

I'll never forget my first real valentine — Angelina Marina. She loved the movies and we'd sit in the balcony through two triple features. All she ever wanted to do was neck, neck, neck. I wouldn't've minded, but she kept neckin' with the guy on the other side of her.

Nora Bayes was my next big flame, even though she was fortunate enough never to have met me. The first time I heard her sing Shine On, Harvest Moon, I buys her a nosegay (and when Durante buys a nosegay it takes six strong men to carry it). I sends it backstage with a note saying, "To me, you are a poem."

Back comes her reply, "That's right. I am averse to you."

But Jimmy, the Great Lover, had his successes that were successful, too. Take Minnie Bascola. (Somebody else did, eventually.) She was an artist. One day I'm sauntering along, when Minnie ups and stops me.

"Pardon me, sir," she says, says she. "I'm an artist and I am interested in your profile."

"Ah, si, ma petite," I croons. "You mean you wanna put my face on a canvas?"

"No" (she answers in the affirmative). She says, "I wanna put a canvas on your face!"

But from that insuspicious beginning developed a great romance. One night we're sitting in her parlor and I suddenly speaks up.

"Minnie," I says, "will you marry me? Will you join me in sailing the sea of acrimony?"

"Oh, Jimmy!" she says. "You'll have to give me time to think of my answer."

"I shoulda took time to think of my question!" I says.

This brings us to my next valentine! Gloria Swanson. Ah, Gloria! I'll never forget her beauty, her grace, her charm, and the husky doorman in her apartment house. (He wasn't a bad guy at that—after the first few times he always pointed me in the direction I was heading for anyway before he booted me out.)

Which brings us to Greta Garbo. Now, she was no different than any other woman to me. She wanted to be alone, but as far as I was concerned, so did every other woman.

"Why don't you ask her to marry you?" my pal Umbriago interrogated me.

"Marry me?" I says aghastedly. "She won't even speak to me!"

"Can you think of a better reason for marrying her?" asks Umbriago.

Truthfully, and to be honest besides, that's the way it's been all my life. Durante gets all the valentines, but somebody else gets the girls. But I'm not sad about it. After all, a miss is as good as a mile—and a miss is a lot more fun. ■■

How good is your child's school?

by Edith Easton, *in consultation with*

Stanton Liggett, Ph.D., *outstanding educational authority*

■ Education is too human a process for a school to be analyzed by simple arithmetic. However, in submitting your child's school to a test involving questions which can be broadly scored, you can come up with an over-all evaluation which should awaken you to the advantages or shortcomings of the school.

Few schools will get a very high score, according to recognized standards. Do not expect your child's school to come out with flying colors. By the same token, any school which scores less than the passing mark of 600 should be investigated by public-spirited citizens of the community.

Few of us can have the best school; few of us will stand for the worst. What we *can* do is make the most of the one we have.

Ask and observe; you can easily find the answers to the following questions. A score of 1,000 is maximum. For every question to which the answer is YES, give your child's school the credit indicated. Below 600 is failing; 600 to 700 is fair; 700 to 800 is good; 800 to 1,000 is excellent.

CHILDREN (Maximum score, 235 points)

Score
(20) Does your child like school?
(15) Does he feel that his teacher is "fair"?
(15) Classrooms should not be filled with a tense, awful quiet. Is there a hum of busy noises in yours?
(5) Seatwork gets pretty boring. Have your classes plenty of teacher-led activity?
(15) Is the school successful in teaching reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic?
(5) Have the children painting, music, dancing, shop, outside trips?
(5) Are they given an opportunity to develop their characters and citizenship through classroom experiences?
(10) Is there a school library?
(5) Is the library in charge of a trained librarian, and is it regularly used by the children?
(5) Does the library include a shelf of books of interest to teachers and parents?
(5) Are periodicals that are too expensive for most families, available in library?
(5) Is there a strong science program from kindergarten throughout?
(5) Have classrooms a minimum of 800 square feet of usable floor space?
(5) Can desks and other classroom furniture be rearranged to fit any classroom project?
(20) Can each child in the class, whether he be slow or very gifted, get the individual help he needs to grow in accordance to his own ability?
(15) Is there a full-time school nurse for every 500 children?
(5) Is there daily inspection of children for contagion?
(10) Is there a room away from the group for a sick child to lie down until he goes home?
(10) Do children receive a complete physical exam, including dental check-ups, chest X-rays, eye and ear tests, at least once a year?
(5) Is psychiatric treatment available?
(5) Can cardiac, convalescent, and handicapped pupils have rest periods as recommended by their family doctor?
(15) Is there a playground?
(5) Does playground equipment include balls, a swing, a jungle gym?
(5) Is playground supervised by active, qualified instructors?
(5) Is fighting on playground the exception rather than the rule?
(15) Do the children get a hot lunch?
(235)

TEACHERS (Maximum score, 300 points)

(100) Do the teachers honestly like children? Do they like teaching?
(50) Are there more than six teachers, including special teachers, for every 100 children?
(40) Three to 5?
(0) Less than 3?
(50) Can your teachers feel financially secure?
(5) Is the turnover of teachers less, on the average, than 10 per cent?
(5) Do 50 per cent of teachers have M.A. degrees?
(15) Are they continuing their professional training?
(5) Does the average length of their experience exceed 10 years?
(5) Do teachers have help from anyone in keeping health, attendance, lunch, charity contribution records?
(50) Are your teachers sensitive—do they notice the child who can't see the board, the child getting sick, the daydreamer, any child that needs special help? Do they do anything about it?
(15) Are your teachers pleasant to look at?
(300)

PRINCIPAL AND SCHOOL BOARD (Maximum score, 100 points)

(25) Does your principal work well with his teachers? Is he a real leader?
(25) Is he a pleasant, even-tempered person?
(5) Has he had intensive training? Does he have at least an M.A.?
(5) Is he continuing his professional training?
(5) Is he a leader in education? Is he known and respected in educational circles outside of his own school?
(5) Does he indicate to you a thorough knowledge of your child?
(20) Does the school board back up his administrational and educational theories?
(5) Do members of the school board have children in the school?
(5) A school board should not be a prestige society. Is yours a working board?
(100)

SAFETY (Maximum score, 200 points)

(75) Is your building fire resistive, with no wood in framing or floor beams? Or, if wood, is it one floor, with each classroom having direct exit to outside?
(10) Is there an exit to outdoors within 100 feet of each classroom?
(5) Are all exits of concrete-and-steel construction?
(5) Do exit doors open OUT?
(5) Fire exits have been known to lead into closed areaways. Do all of yours go directly out of doors, unblocked in any way?
(5) Are the smallest children on the first floor?
(5) Are there oily rags and papers stored in that closet under the stairs?
(5) Are glass doors reinforced or made of unshatterable glass?
(20) There should be one CLEAN toilet for every 35 children. Is there?
(5) Are there toilets for boys and girls on every floor?
(5) Are the water fountains sanitary and reachable by the smallest child?
(5) Are roach or other poisons used by the janitor kept out of the children's reach?
(5) Are stairways brilliantly lighted?
(5) Is there good air and good lighting in every classroom?
(15) Are the brakes, tires, etc., of the school bus checked regularly?
(5) Does the emergency door open? Does the fire extinguisher work?
(5) Does the driver know and like children?
(15) Does he drive carefully? (Follow him.)
(200)

FINANCE (Maximum score, 100 points)

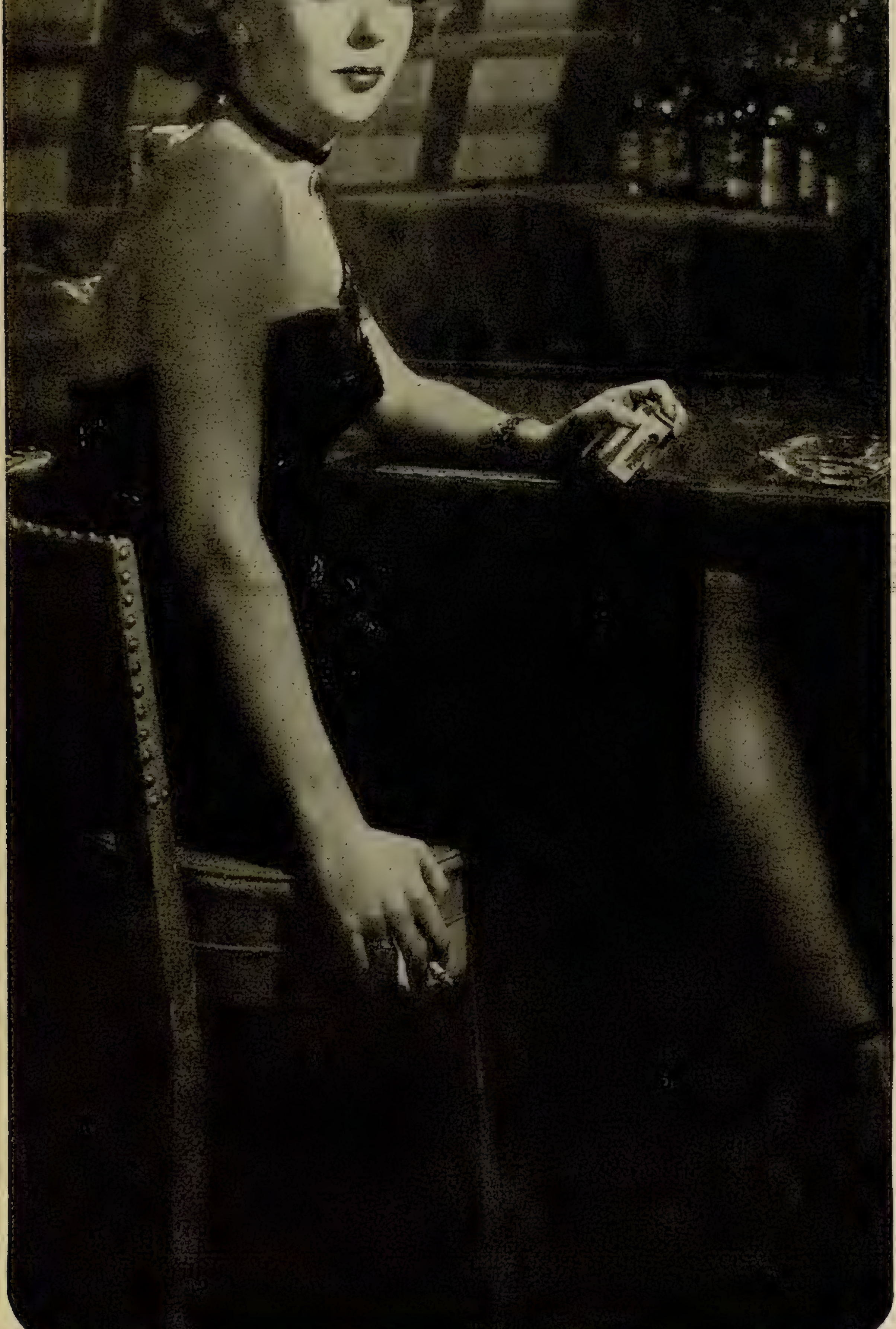
(75) Is more than $500 per child per year spent on his education, not including cost of school building, payment of debt, and interest on school-building bonds?
(60) $300 to $500?
(30) $150 to $300?
(0) Less than $150?
(Budget is available to you—ask for a copy.)
(5) Is at least $2 per child per year spent on library books?
(20) Is at least $10 per child per year spent on supplies like paper, crayons, arts and crafts?
(100)

PARENT PARTICIPATION (Maximum score, 65 points)

(40) Does your school sincerely welcome parents at all times?
(10) Have you a strong, well-organized Parent-Teachers Association?
(15) There is a difference between co-operation and steamroller interference. Is your P.T.A. a group of peaceable adults working together with intelligence, tact, and understanding of educational problems? ■■
(65)

Independent blonde

When you see Ida Lupino on the screen these days, you see her in roles that *she* wants



■ Whenever Ida Lupino gets fed up, she treats herself to a sabbatical year from picture making. She started doing this some years ago when she walked out of a $1,750-a-week berth at Paramount because she couldn't stand the sugary roles they were handing her.

Her most recent departure from films was in 1946, when she left the Warner lot after a series of arguments over her roles.

For a year and a half Ida gave the studios the brush-off. However, she didn't sit home and mope. She wrote stories that got sold and music that got played—and still does. She is writing a historical novel and collaborating on a musical comedy. During the past year Miss Lupino has gone in for designing low-price dresses.

Ida has again decided to resume her picture career. But this time as a free lance, so she can choose her own roles. She chose first the part of a shady lady with a penchant for skimpy clothes, including a bathing suit made of two handkerchiefs. That is her role in Twentieth Century-Fox's Road House. At present she is working at Columbia Pictures in

Not just a pose. Ida can sail.

by Elizabeth Wilson

reading time 2 minutes

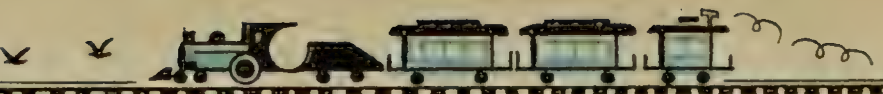
Greed, in which she plays a voluptuous on-the-make dame.

The daughter of Connie Emerald and Stanley Lupino, both of the stage, Ida has been in the theater and movies since she was able to toddle.

In 1934 Paramount was testing scores of girls for the role of Alice in Alice in Wonderland. Ida had made a film in London called Money for Speed, in which she spent one sequence, and only one, as a wide-eyed innocent, before she resumed her part of a lady of questionable virtue. A talent scout sent that one sequence to Paramount and Paramount cabled boat and train tickets to Ida and her mother. The sixteen-year-old Ida suggested that the Paramount producers see the rest of the picture before they signed her. They did, and told her to stick around, on contract, just in case they might decide to film the life of Lucrezia Borgia.

Hollywood has never been able to understand why Ida has never won an Academy Award. She won the New York Critics Award in 1943 for her work in The Hard Way. That's the nearest she has ever come to the big time. ■■

In one of her voluptuous roles.



The World's Highest Railway

A clever engineer tossed a river out of its bed to make it possible for trains of the Central Railway of Peru to climb 15,610 feet into the Andes

reading time 3 minutes

by A. J. Bigley

■ The Central Railway of Peru, planned by Henry Meiggs of New York in 1868, is the highest standard-gauge railway in the world. Having explored the heights above Lima, then almost inaccessible, and marveling at the natural wealth and luxuriance displayed in the lower lands to eastward, he conceived the idea of a railway which would surmount all obstacles and open a doorway to the Peruvian Orient. Scornful amusement greeted his proposal to build such a railroad, but before his insistence and confidence the doubters began to ask, "Could it really be done?" At last the government showed interest, but asked for details before committing itself. "No," said Meiggs. "If I tell you how simple it is, you will go right ahead and do it." Finally his assurance won and a contract was signed.

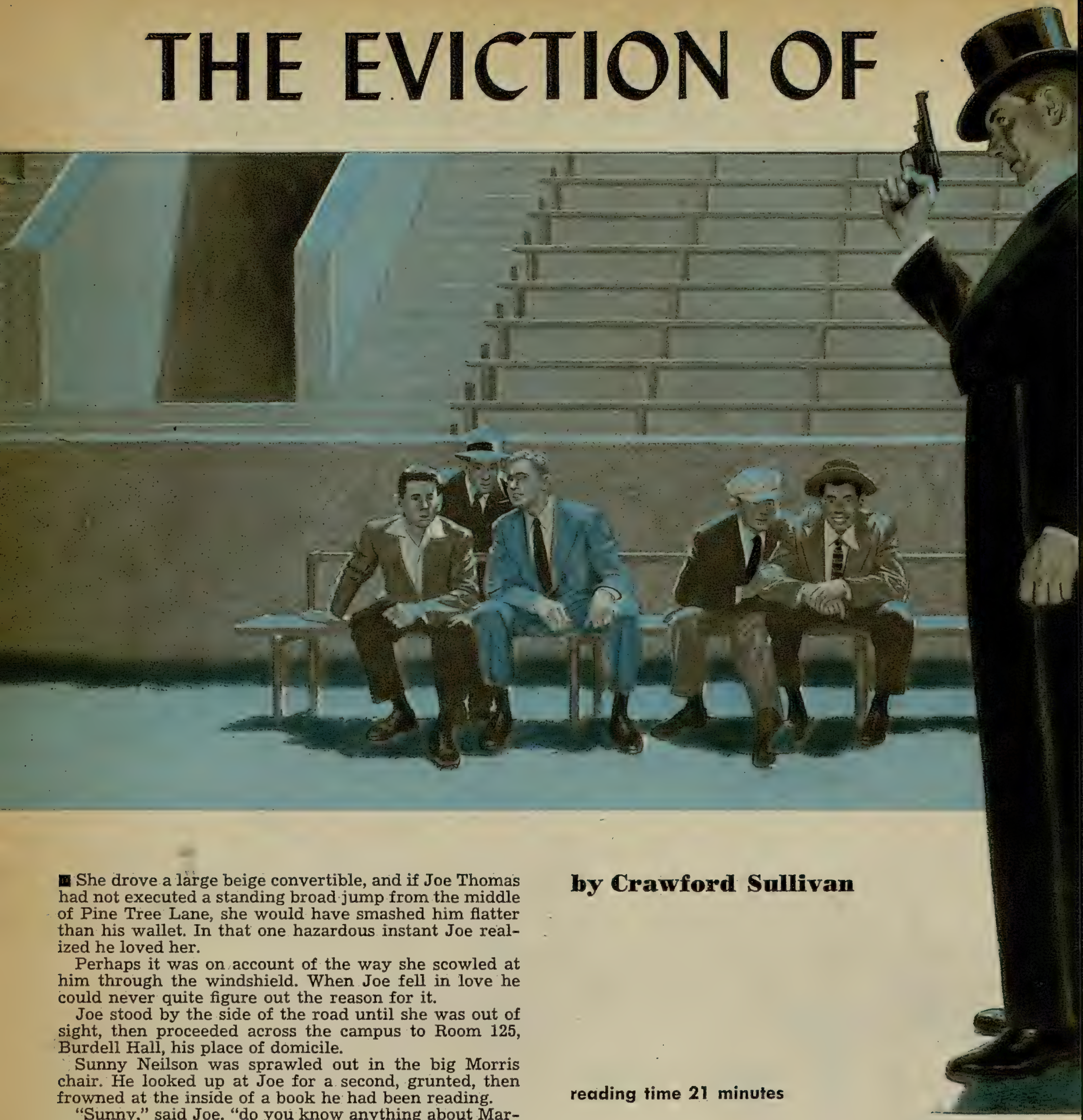
The project was certainly simple in theory. It consisted in turning a river out of its bed and laying the rails along the track which the waters have been leveling and smoothing for centuries. However, execution of the scheme was another matter. It called for gigantic labors, great initiative, and profound engineering skill. And maintaining the railway today presents difficulties not exceeded on any other line in the world. Throughout the dry season hundreds of men are employed quarrying stone to build defenses against the river when it rises in flood and against avalanches and melting snows. In the wet weather an equal number of men is constantly engaged in clearing landslides and washouts which no precaution can altogether prevent.

Construction was started in 1869, and by 1876 the first 90 miles were opened for traffic, as far as Chicla, which is 12,250 feet above sea level. Operations were then suspended, owing to the war between Chile and Peru. In the meantime Meiggs died, but his work had advanced to a point where others could continue it. Operations were resumed in 1890, and in 1903 the line was extended to Oroya, the section to Huancayo being completed five years later.

Starting at Callao, the principal port of Peru, the railway passes through Lima, the capital, 50 feet above sea level, and reaches the summit of the Andes at an elevation of 15,610 feet. Between the summit and Oroya, a distance of 20 miles, it drops to 12,225 feet, then descends more gradually to Huancayo, which is 10,692 feet above the sea.

The railway really begins to climb at Chosica, the winter resort of the Limeños, 25 miles from Lima and 2,500 feet higher. There the valley opens out into a broad plain, then narrows suddenly. The hills close in and form a steep gorge, down which the Rimac River—the "Talking Water" of the Incas—comes churning over its rocky bed. The pastoral aspect of the lowlands fades away and the scenery becomes wild and rugged. The engine labors up the gorge by a 4-per-cent gradient. As it advances, rugged crags and lofty cliffs hem it in. Through this seemingly impenetrable maze the train twists and turns, plunging in and out of tunnels and between perpendicular walls of jagged rock. It clings precariously to steep flanks, leaning dizzily over the void as the track curves. It winds itself around narrow overhanging ledges and projects itself across deep gaping chasms on frail-looking bridges hundreds of feet long. And always, towering high above the track in the clear rarefied air and dazzling sunlight, are other mightier peaks, some snow-capped, others ledged with Inca terraces running in even rows for thousands of feet up the smooth precipitous faces. ■■

THE EVICTION OF



by Crawford Sullivan

reading time 21 minutes

■ She drove a large beige convertible, and if Joe Thomas had not executed a standing broad jump from the middle of Pine Tree Lane, she would have smashed him flatter than his wallet. In that one hazardous instant Joe realized he loved her.

Perhaps it was on account of the way she scowled at him through the windshield. When Joe fell in love he could never quite figure out the reason for it.

Joe stood by the side of the road until she was out of sight, then proceeded across the campus to Room 125, Burdell Hall, his place of domicile.

Sunny Neilson was sprawled out in the big Morris chair. He looked up at Joe for a second, grunted, then frowned at the inside of a book he had been reading.

"Sunny," said Joe, "do you know anything about Marcia Dolan?"

"Nothing I could blackmail her for," replied Sunny. "I know she wears purple nail polish and belongs to Kappa Kappa Gamma and that she talks like a riveting machine."

"She is a beautiful gal," said Joe. He flopped on the couch. "Have you ever fallen in love with a girl you've never met?"

"Look." Sunny tapped the book. "Will you kindly get out of here? I'm trying to study The Administration of Criminal Justice."

"A book," said Joe, "every criminal should read."

Sunny arose. He was about six feet tall and, in his normal moments, rather amiable in appearance.

"Josephus," he said, "it was on your advice that I enrolled in Criminology. You swore to me it was a pipe."

"Did I know they were going to change profs?"

"Nevertheless, if I roll out of school this quarter, you will be to blame. Joey boy, I am going to demonstrate what happens to guys like you who do not let guys like me study their lessons."

He gave a flying leap and landed on top of Joe, overcoming him by sheer weight. He locked his hands around Joe's neck and squeezed. Joe gulped, kicked, and was thinking about touching his lighted cigarette to Sunny's ear when someone said:

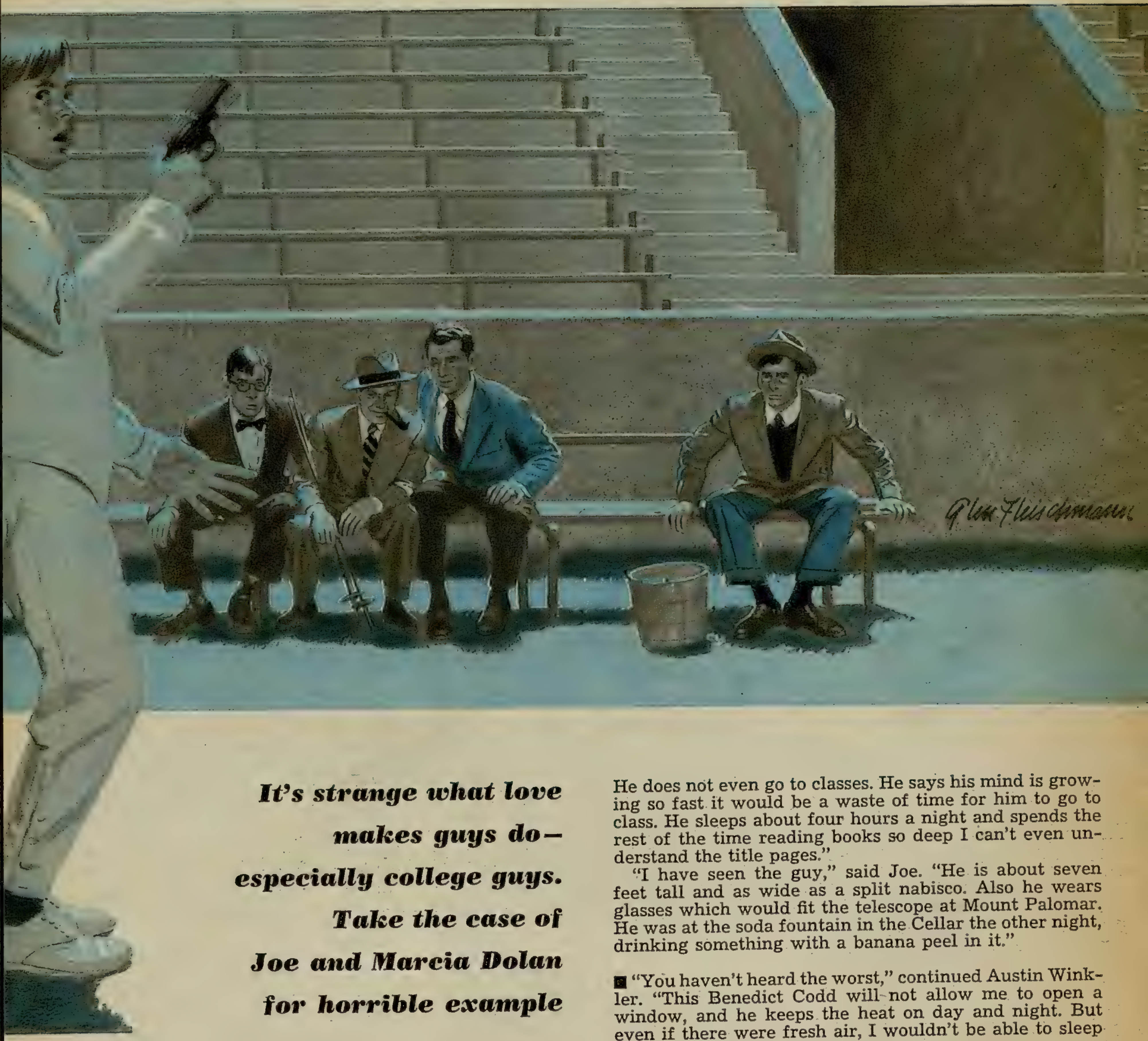
"Hey, what's going on here?"

Standing on the threshold was a runt-shaped individual whose face was as round and shiny as a silver dollar. His name was Austin Winkler, and he looked scared and worried. He seemed relieved when Sunny suspended his throttling operation.

"Greetings, friend Winkler," said Sunny. "In the interest of oxygen conservation I was just trying to convince Joseph that he should stop breathing."

"Gosh," said Austin Winkler. "For a minute I thought you were really sore at each other."

BENEDICT CODD



It's strange what love makes guys do—especially college guys. Take the case of Joe and Marcia Dolan for horrible example

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMAN

"He is a sadist," Joe explained. "You can tell that by the cruel curl of his lip."

"You army guys sure have a reputation." Austin Winkler's little eyes were bright with admiration. "I have heard that you two will do most anything—and that's why I came to see you. I have a roommate that I would like to get rid of."

"Homicide is a little out of our present line," said Joe.

Austin Winkler laughed, a giggly, tittering laugh with a hyena ring to it. "I was thinking of something else. What I would like to do is make life so miserable for him that he will have to move out. This roommate of mine is very eccentric. I will even go so far as to say he is crazy."

"Who is he?" asked Joe.

"He is called Benedict Codd. Chances are you have never seen him, because he seldom goes out of the room. He does not even go to classes. He says his mind is growing so fast it would be a waste of time for him to go to class. He sleeps about four hours a night and spends the rest of the time reading books so deep I can't even understand the title pages."

"I have seen the guy," said Joe. "He is about seven feet tall and as wide as a split nabisco. Also he wears glasses which would fit the telescope at Mount Palomar. He was at the soda fountain in the Cellar the other night, drinking something with a banana peel in it."

■

"You haven't heard the worst," continued Austin Winkler. "This Benedict Codd will not allow me to open a window, and he keeps the heat on day and night. But even if there were fresh air, I wouldn't be able to sleep on account of the lights."

"He keeps the lights on too?" asked Joe.

"There is more electrical wiring in that room than at Hoover Dam," Austin Winkler asserted. "He has installed nineteen lights in the ceiling, lights on the walls, and some that shine up from the floor. He claims he must have plenty of light on account of his weak eyes."

"Well," said Joe, "why don't you move out yourself?"

"You know how hard it is to find a room," said Austin reproachfully. "No. I have decided that Benedict Codd must go. But I need help, and you are the only guys I can think of who can make life so horrible for him that he will leave."

"I am not sure that is a compliment," said Sunny. "For my part, I feel I can't waste time evicting other people when the university is certain to evict me if I flunk Criminology."

"I feel the same way," said Joe.

Austin Winkler looked very sad; in fact, he looked as if he were going to cry. "If you only knew how it is affecting my nerves," he said. "Last night, while hashing, I nearly spilled three bowls of soup on one of the Kappas."

Joe lifted one eyebrow. "You are hashing at the Kappa House?"

"I am head hasher," declared Austin Winkler.

"You know Marcia Dolan?"

"We are old friends. She is a heavy eater, and every now and then I slip her two desserts."

There was a thoughtful silence. Finally Joe said, "If I helped you get rid of Benedict Codd, could you get me a job hashing at the Kappa House?"

"Of course I could. What'll we do to him first, Joe?" Austin Winkler had suddenly become quite chummy.

"I prescribe the water treatment and the collapsing chair as a starter," said Joe. "Can you get him down here?"

"Sure. I'll tell him the three of us want to play him a game of chess. He loves chess, but he insists on playing at least three people at one time."

"The door will be slightly ajar," said Joe. "Let him open it. The collapsing chair will be next to the bookcase."

"Sure, Joe—I'll get him right away." Austin Winkler bounced off.

■ Joe took a large pan from under his bed and filled it with approximately a gallon of water. He opened the door slightly and placed the pan on top of the door with one end braced against the wall. He then removed a broken chair from the closet and assembled it by the bookcase. A small hole had been drilled in the seat of the chair, and in this hole was a good-sized nail, held in a retracted position by a piece of metal. Whenever the chair seat hit the floor, this nail slid up like a piston and established contact with the sitter.

Before long a clatter of footsteps in the hall announced the victim's approach. Joe peeked out and saw Benedict Codd groping his way, while Austin Winkler scampered in front.

"Where do these men live?" Benedict Codd asked.

"Right here," said Austin Winkler eagerly. And he opened the door.

The pan may have held a little more than a gallon. At least it looked like more than a gallon when it was distributed over the breadth of Austin Winkler.

Joe was astonished; Sunny gurgled insanely. Benedict Codd glared through his thick lenses in stern disapproval. "Is this the way you treat your visitors?" he demanded.

Thoroughly flustered, Austin Winkler mopped his face and sat down on the collapsible chair.

The chair was in excellent working order, especially the nail gadget. It was hard to decide whether Austin Winkler traveled faster going down or coming up.

Benedict Codd looked indignant. "You men had no intention of playing chess," he said. "You deliberately invited Mr. Winkler in order to humiliate him. I consider your actions reprehensible!"

He bowed stiffly and hunched off down the hall.

"I'm sorry," said Austin Winkler, rubbing his injured area. "I got so excited I forgot. I guess I'm just a dope. But you won't let this make any difference, will you? I'm not used to doing these things, and—"

"O.K.," said Joe. "But if you make one more flub, I'll wash my hands of the whole deal."

As soon as Austin Winkler had departed, Joe wagged his head. "It's strange what love makes guys do," he said. "If it weren't for Marcia Dolan—"

"You are always in love with some babe or other," growled Sunny.

■ At seven o'clock Monday evening Joe popped into the room and said, "If you want to see some fun, come on. We're going to heckle Benedict Codd."

"No, thank you," replied Sunny. "I will have no part of L'Affaire Codd. I am busy boning up on Criminology."

"Then you'll be interested in this heckling. Codd is going to discuss that very subject."

"Seems to me you're being unduly harsh on Benedict," said Sunny. "I heard about how you locked him up all night in the Psych lab with six hundred rats and three ferrets."

"That was Austin's idea."

"Yak-yak. Austin's brain was not designed for ideas."

"You'd be surprised," said Joe gravely. "Austin has changed. It seems that all Austin needs is moral support. He gets scared and excited when he has to do things by himself, but when someone's backing him up he's a regular fiend in human form."

"Was this heckling his idea too?"

Joe nodded. "He persuaded Benedict to conduct an open forum tonight in order to help the other guys with their studies. Benedict fell for it."

"If anybody needs such help, it is me," said Sunny. "I'll go."

Ten or twelve men had already gathered in Benedict Codd's room when Joe and Sunny arrived. A bright light glared into their faces, and some place behind the light was Benedict Codd.

"Mr. Codd," said one of the men, "what is your opinion of Lombroso's theory?"

"Lombroso has been thoroughly discredited," replied the voice from the darkness. "Di Tullio in his *Anlage und Kriminalität*, however, supports a Neo-Lombrosian movement, with which you are probably familiar."

The discussion went on for about half an hour, and finally Austin Winkler piped up. "Benedict," he said, "you once told me you know all the criminal escape methods. You said you could escape from handcuffs or ropes just like Houdini. Is this true?"

"I have made a study of such methods," Benedict Codd admitted.

"Then give us a demonstration," said Austin Winkler.

"But I have no handcuffs—"

"A rope will do. And I happen to have one right here in my closet." He flicked on a battery of switches, flooding the entire room with light. Benedict Codd could now be seen sitting in back of a table, blinking like an owl.

As soon as Austin Winkler produced the rope, a group of football men, including Mink Murdock and Simeon Stoltz, stepped forward. When they had finished, Benedict Codd was tied up securely, with his knees under his chin and his arms draped around his spine. Austin Winkler finished the job by stuffing a gag into his mouth.

When twenty minutes had elapsed it became apparent that Benedict Codd's chances of self-rescue were very meager, so the audience began to leave. Joe and Sunny were among the first to depart.

"I detect your fine Machiavellian hand in this night's work," said Sunny. "You had Mink Murdock and those other gorillas planted there."

"What of it?" Joe glared at Sunny. "I made a deal with Austin and I have to stick to it!"

Joe slept uneasily that night. His conscience kept waking him up at intervals and reminding him that Benedict Codd was still tied up like a rolled roast, suffering helplessly. Austin Winkler wouldn't untie him. Not little Austin.

At half-past one Joe crept into his bathrobe and padded up to the second floor. The door was unlocked. He opened it quietly, and the corridor light shone in. Austin Winkler was in one bed, snoring. A pile of ropes lay in the center of the room. The gangling form of Benedict Codd was curled up on the other bed. Joe closed the door and sighed. Maybe Austin Winkler wasn't such a bad sort after all.

Joe changed his mind next morning when Winkler shook him out of a sound sleep.

"He got out of it!" Austin Winkler's voice had the shrill, urgent sound of squeaky brakes. "He untied himself! I never thought he could do it."

"Huh?" grunted Joe. "You didn't untie him?"

"Of course not. He put one over this time. You'll have to think of somethiing else. Something worse."

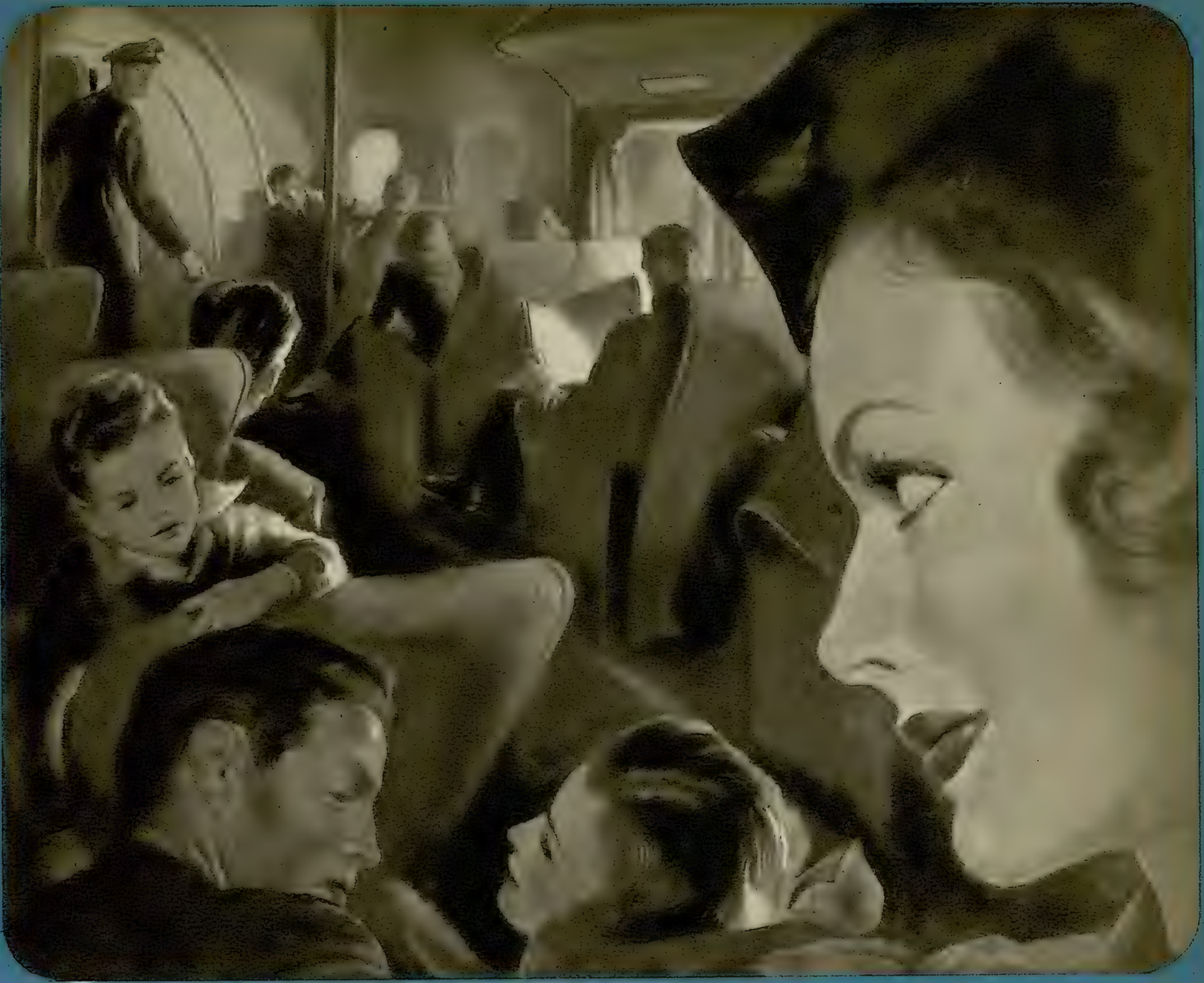
Joe did not choose to think of something else. He chased Winkler out with a leg of the collapsible chair and went back to sleep.

■ The Saturday before finals Joe was considerably surprised to hear Sunny say, "It is high time this Codd-Winkler feud came to an end. What'll you give me to tell you how to evict Codd?"

"Just name it," said Joe.

"Well—if I don't flunk out next week, you must buy me a fifth of

(Continued on page 59)



Steve felt their ship tremble under his feet—a sharp drumming of the wings.

POINT OF NO RETURN

A masterful tale of a plane—
and people—in trouble.
Read it and sweat

by H. Vernor Dixon

reading time 31 minutes

■ Steve Allen glanced down at the lead-gray expanse of the Pacific, seven thousand feet below, then bent his head slightly to one side to listen to the dull synchronized beat of the four powerful engines. His eyes swept over the dials and gauges of the instrument panel, his brain making a split-second tabulation and summing up the answer that everything was satisfactory. Routine, he thought. Manila-bound, and there was no longer any romance in it. Well, a man couldn't keep flying forever without improving the game. He sighed and thought, The devil with adventure. I'll take it this way.

He looked over at Kelly, the co-pilot, and a smile tugged briefly at his lips. Kelly, as usual, was improving himself. He was hunched over charts, protractors, computers, and slide rules, working out some problem or other with which he would eagerly bore everyone when they landed in Manila. But still, you couldn't blame the kid. You had to have seniority to get ahead, but to make it stick you needed knowledge. Kelly would make it stick. Nice boy.

Steve felt a hand on his shoulder and twisted about to look into the bland countenance of Ernie, the navigator. Steve's eyebrows raised in a question.

Ernie said, "Correct eight degrees south. We seem to be picking up a drift."

"Strong drift?"

"Not yet. Got a hunch, though, it may get stronger. I've been in touch with three meteorological stations reporting some sort of disturbance brewing up. We seem to be in the blank area. No traffic around here." He handed a slip of paper to Steve with their present charted position and said, "We're at P. N. R."

Steve nodded and turned away from him to look through the windshield. There was an odd smudge low on the far horizon, but so far it was meaningless. Point of no return, he thought. Point of no return. As often as he had heard and used the term he had never quite got used to it. There was something so final, so irrevocable about it that it never failed to tighten his stomach muscles. Actually, he could make a one-eighty and return to port of departure, but beyond this point there could be no return.

He switched the fuel gauges on and off, checking the tanks, then turned to tell Ernie over his shoulder, "We'll go on."

"Naturally." Ernie yawned and slapped his shoulder. "I'll give you another check in half an hour."

As soon as Ernie had gone, Kelly leaned over to say, "That slide-rule cookie knows his stuff."

"He's the best."

"Yeah." Kelly went back to his charts.

Steve made an eight-degree correction south, turned the ship over to "George," the automatic pilot, and slumped back in his seat. His eyes half closed and his mind's eye was instantly in the aft cabin, in the galley. Ann would be standing there in her neat blue-gray uniform, probably making coffee or fussing with some sandwiches for the hungry passengers. Busy Ann. Always on her feet, never a chance to sit down and rest, forever hovering over her passengers like a mother hen with a mess of chicks. Patient Ann.

But even her patience could run out, as it had on this trip. She wanted an answer and she expected to get it before they landed. That had been her ultimatum and she had meant every word of it. And Steve did not have the answer. He knew he was still stalling, as he always had, but even so, she should give him more time. Yet he knew with positive certainty that time had run out, as had her patience.

He swore under his breath, got to his feet, and told Kelly, "I'll be back in a little while. Don't run into any mountains." Kelly looked over the empty wastes of the ocean and chuckled. Steve walked back to the passengers' cabin.

Some of the passengers glanced up and smiled comfortably at sight of their captain. He was a tall spare man, with deep lines in his face, eyes narrowed into a perpetual squint. The mere sight of him gave confidence to the squeamish and comfort to the seasoned travelers.

Steve felt the ship tremble slightly under his feet and stood there for a moment, lost in the thoughtful awareness of a man who has spent his life in close contest with the elements. He felt a sharp drumming of the wings and a wave of vibrating metal, and then the plane was again plowing smoothly through the air. Probably, he thought, just a sudden wind shift. But why so sudden?

He made a quick estimate of the useful and pay loads. As far as the nineteen passengers were concerned, they were traveling light, as there was room for forty-four; but the baggage compartments were loaded with heavy cargo and the fuel tanks were still almost half full. Even so, they were light. There was no reason for that brief wave of vibration. He was about to turn back to the cockpit, but his senses told him that everything about the plane itself was functioning perfectly, so he continued down the aisle.

■ He knew all of the passengers' names, but only a few of them by sight. He nodded at the two business men, Reynolds and Johnson, and had to suppress a smile. The two were rivals after old Ling How's Manila export account to the States. That would be a cutthroat business, no matter which one got it. Ling was a cagey character. Steve smiled broadly and paused to say hello to the young Chinese couple, Charlie and Lois Wong, and wondered what was the matter with them. They had been married the week before in San Francisco, they were beautifully matched, they were ecstatic in each other's company, and yet—and yet there was something somber about them. Underneath their obvious happiness was fear. He passed them to nod at other passengers—the middle-aged woman traveling with her three-year-old nephew, the two show girls, the army colonel and the obsequious lieutenant, and then the two Filipinos, Joe and Mario. They beamed at him, flashing their beautifully white teeth. Anxious to go home, he thought. Probably working in the States for years as busboys and now returning to the Philippines to become citizens of a nation. More power to them.

He reached the galley and leaned against a leather-covered bulkhead to light a cigarette. Ann shoved her coffee cartons and sandwiches aside, and turned to smile into his eyes. "Hi, big stuff."

"Hi, midget."

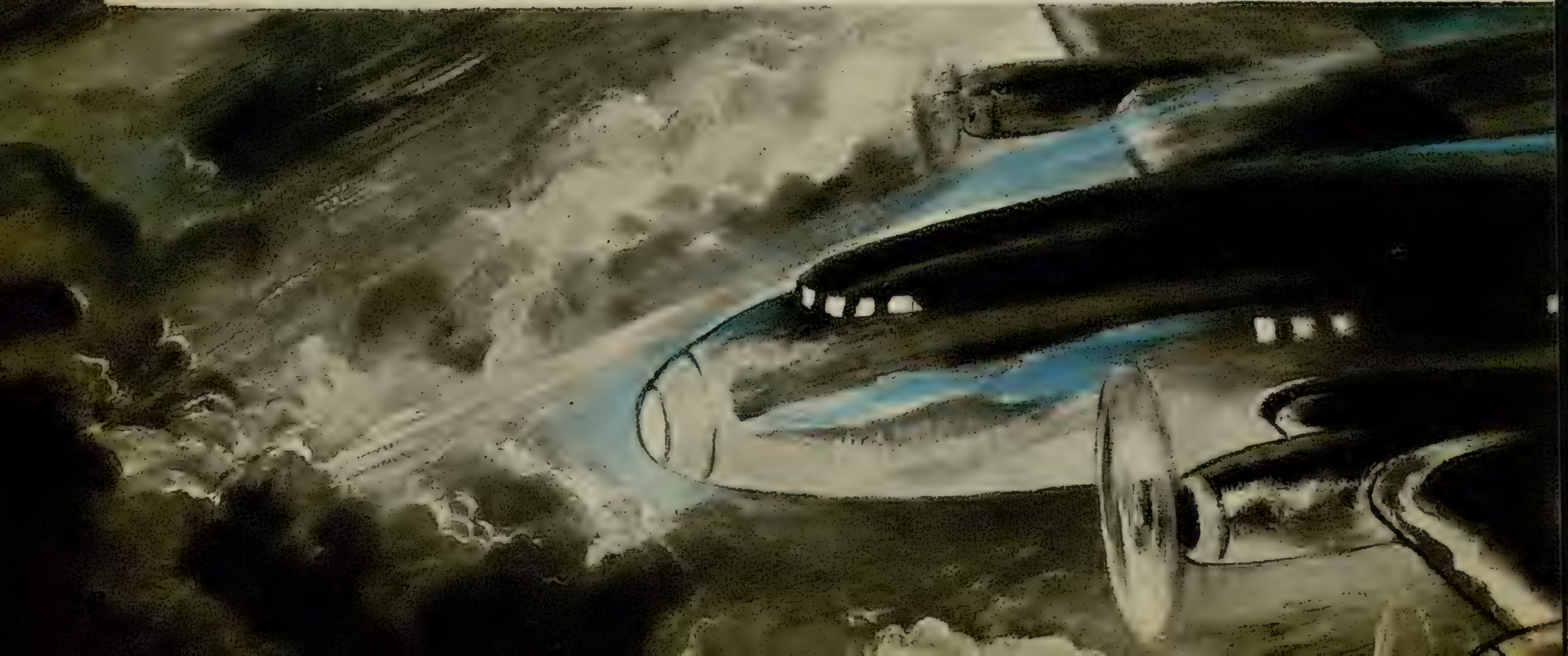
"Where are we?"

"No return."

"Lots of gas, I hope."

"Plenty."

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN



"That ocean can get awful wet, and me with a new pair of nylons." She took the cigarette from his mouth, puffed at it, and then returned it. It was a simple gesture, but it seemed to say, You belong to me and I belong to you and even a cigarette has to be shared. To punctuate it, she looked up the cabin, saw that no one was watching, and rubbed her cheek against his. She bit his ear lobe and whispered, "This is the trip, Steve. Made up your mind?"

He pursed his lips and looked like a thoughtful schoolboy. "Of course," he said, "I've been thinking it over."

Ann's exclamation was almost a cry of anguish: "Steve!"

"Now, no need to look at me that way. A man can't just make up his mind about a thing like that overnight."

"We've been talking it over for three months." She squeezed his arm and forced him to turn about and look at her. "Steve, you know it's ridiculous the way you're stalling. Do you or don't you wish to marry me?"

"Damn it," he snorted, "you know I do. I've been asking you for a year. But when you tie strings to it—"

"Age is doing that, not I. Look, Steve. The line is giving us two weeks off in Manila. You couldn't ask for a better time for a honeymoon—"

"That's what I've been saying all along. Then why don't we get married?"

■ She said patiently, "You know very well why. Darling, you're aging. You're not a hot-shot pilot any more. You've forgotten more about flying than anyone on the line, but you can't keep on taking these long grueling trips."

He said softly, "This is my life, Ann."

"I know. I know. But still, you have to step aside. And it's not so much like stepping aside, either. As chief pilot you'd still be doing a lot of flying."

"Yeah. Check flights. Round and round in a circle we go. Patting the youngsters on the back, blowing their noses, keeping the older characters in line. Most of the time I'd be at a desk." He waved a hand to embrace the whole Pacific, the exotic islands, the weather, and the excitement of new places and new faces. "I'd miss this."

"Of course you would miss it. But, Steve, the deadline is tomorrow. Home office is tired of waiting. If you don't cable your answer tomorrow they'll get someone else for the chief pilot's job."

He asked huskily, "And if I don't take it, you won't marry me?"

"That's right. I'm sorry, darling, but I want a home, complete with husband."

Steve felt the rat-a-tat of wind against the wings and another tremor running through the plane. He turned away from Ann and looked uneasily up the cabin, vaguely disturbed by a sense of premonition. Why that odd vibration? It was obviously caused by sudden wind shifts, but there were no mountains around, not even an island, to cause such sudden shifts. Why?

Johnson, the business man, had also noticed the vibration. He turned to Reynolds to display his superior knowledge of flying by saying. "One of the engines must be out of synchronization. That's what happens when the co-pilot takes over. The captain's back there gabbing with the stewardess."

Reynolds shot a glance aft and then winked at Johnson. "Can't say that I blame him."

■ The two lapsed into silence, the easy silence of travelers going a long way; but after a while Reynolds turned and looked squarely at Johnson. He cleared his throat and said tentatively, "Look, Mr. Johnson. About this Ling How account—"

Johnson glanced warily sidewise. "Yes?"

"Well, I know I'm only small fry in this business, and maybe I shouldn't even compete with an outfit like yours—"

Johnson interrupted, "You're a hundred per cent right. You've no chance to get that account. So, all right, you met Ling How when you hit the Philippines under MacArthur, and the old Chinaman likes you, but it's money that counts with him, and I got that. You're short change."

Reynolds said thinly, "I need that account—desperately."

Johnson shrugged. "That's your lookout, not mine. You're his friend, but I got the dough and, in the long run, that will swing the deal. Mark my words."

Johnson settled back with a sigh of satisfaction, but he had to look away from the worried creases etched around the younger man's eyes. What the hell. Business was business. Start feeling sorry for someone and you'd lose your shirt.

Across the aisle from the business men, Charlie Wong patted a pillow behind the lotuslike head of his wife and asked, "Comfortable?"

Lois nodded and smiled tenderly. She asked softly, "It won't be long, will it?"

"Three or four hours, maybe. We're making good time. Don't worry. You'll like Manila."

"It's funny," she said dreamily, "but I've never been around many Orientals. All my life I was raised on Grant Avenue, but I went to white schools and then to the University of California. Most of my friends are white. Quite often at parties, for example, I've been the only Oriental present and thought nothing of it, nor did anyone

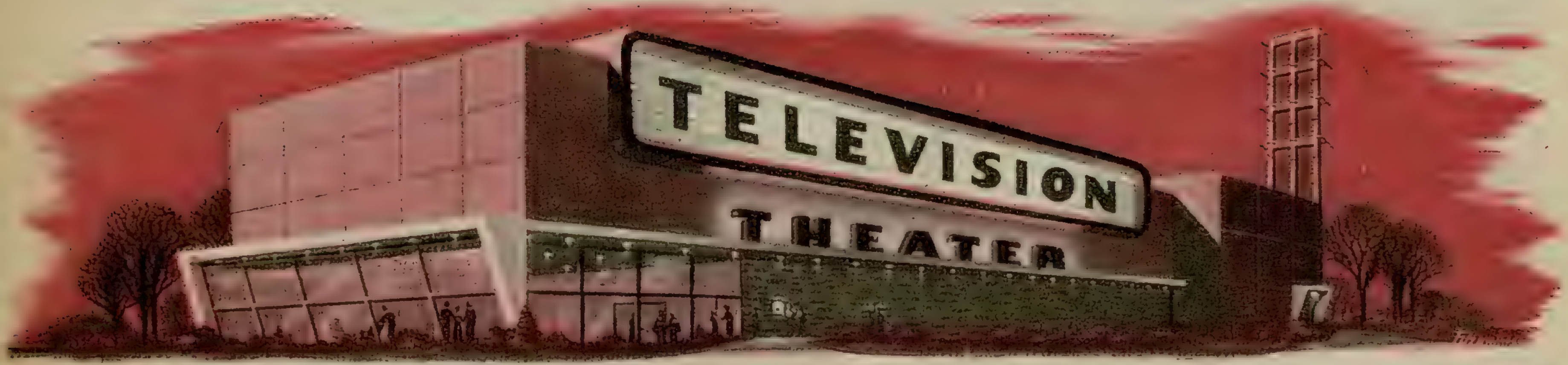
(Continued on page 54)

Theater television

reading time 4 minutes

Your neighborhood movie will soon be tailored for that fascinating New Look

by Fred Hift



■ For the first time since the exciting accomplishment of sound on the screen, more than 20 years ago, a new form of visual entertainment is making Hollywood sit up.

Its name is Theater Television and the two words imply a revolution of sorts. For they mean that your neighborhood motion-picture theater may soon be displaying a sign that says "Television Tonight."

Although somewhat reluctantly, theater men and motion-picture-industry executives have had to admit that television has all but graduated from the side show to the big top. The film industry, whether it likes it or not, agrees that in theater television there is serious competition in the making. And a highly placed broadcasting-network executive even said he expected television to supplant radio within 10 to 15 years.

There have already been several practical demonstrations of theater television. For example, one night last spring an excited buzz of conversation went up from the audience in the Paramount Theater in New York. Right after the newsreel a trailer dramatically announced that full-screen television would be shown for the first time in the house. For the following 20 minutes, history was being made on the Paramount screen as the audience watched two fighters going through their strenuous motions in a ring at the Brooklyn Y.M.C.A. Following the presentation the audience broke out in applause.

To informed observers the Paramount demonstration meant more than just a flashy display of technical know-how. They noted that Paramount had overcome many difficulties by using its own equipment and that the telecast had been relayed to the theater by air over an exclusive channel that made any pick-up on home receivers impossible. Following the demonstration, Paul Raibourn, Paramount vice-president, said that the theater hoped to carry at least two telecasts on its screen every week, "provided the public approved."

That television should seek the theater and that the theater in turn should seek to make capital out of its visual adversary while at the same time protecting itself from the inevitable competition, makes sense. As television grows, it must inevitably seek an outlet to the broad general public that cannot afford to buy the still expensive receivers. The country's approximately 18,000 motion-picture theaters seem an ideal solution.

No one pretends that theater television reaches the technical perfection of the motion picture. The proponents of this new large-screen entertainment merely claim that it will be a valuable adjunct to the feature film; that it will provide sponsors with a large ready-made audience, and that it will permit the instantaneous transmission to the theater of dramatic news events.

For some time to come and until program possibilities are exhausted, theater television probably will get by on its novelty value. Programming, so far, still is a hit-and-miss proposition.

To those imbued with imagination, theater television presents a vision of thousands of theaters, served by central studios, presenting the latest news from all over the nation in a matter of minutes or hours after it happens.

To this the skeptics smile. Where, they ask, will television take all these events from? Who will pay for them? And does an audience attend a theater to be entertained or to have television bring in the latest news, a race, or a prize fight?

Until now the television broadcasters, for a variety of legal reasons, have refused to let theaters pick up their telecasts. Unless they relax this ruling, other theaters and theater circuits are bound to follow Paramount and build up a television industry of their own.

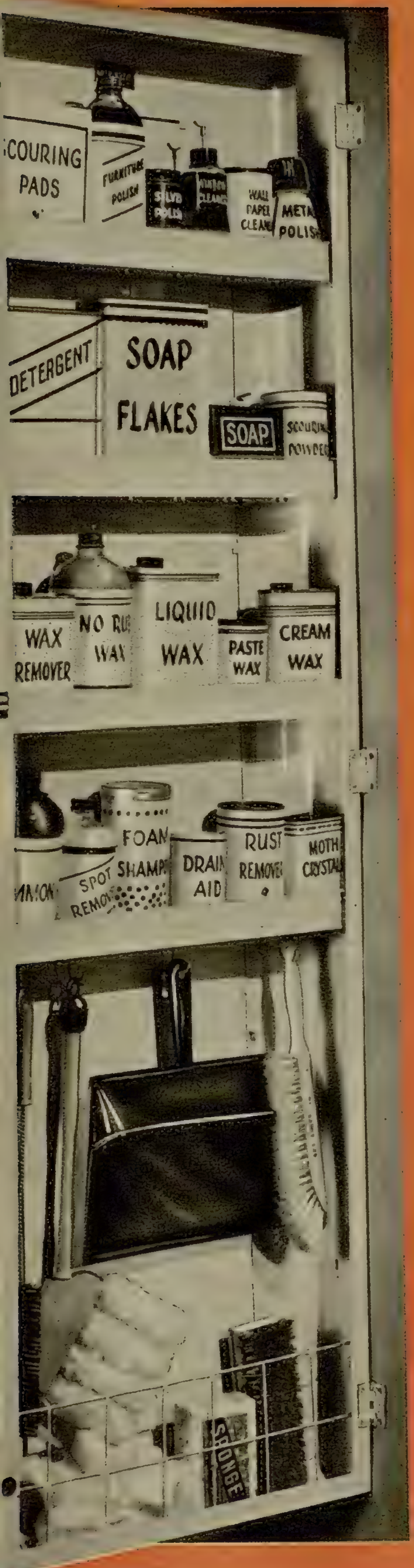
■ Technically, theater television falls into two distinct categories. One involves the use of a special camera to record the television image on film. The film then is developed and processed within the record time of 66 seconds and is ready to be fed straight into the regular film-projection machine. The other, or "instantaneous" method, involves no time lag and projects the image directly onto the theater screen. Improved models of this type are now being developed in the laboratories of at least two film companies–Twentieth Century-Fox and Warner Brothers.

Restrictions under the law are manifold and many of the finer points will have to be determined in the courts. No copyright material can be picked up without permission. News events involve no property rights, but should a theater pick up a fight and a band played a copyrighted piece of music at intermission, the theater would be open for prosecution under copyright laws.

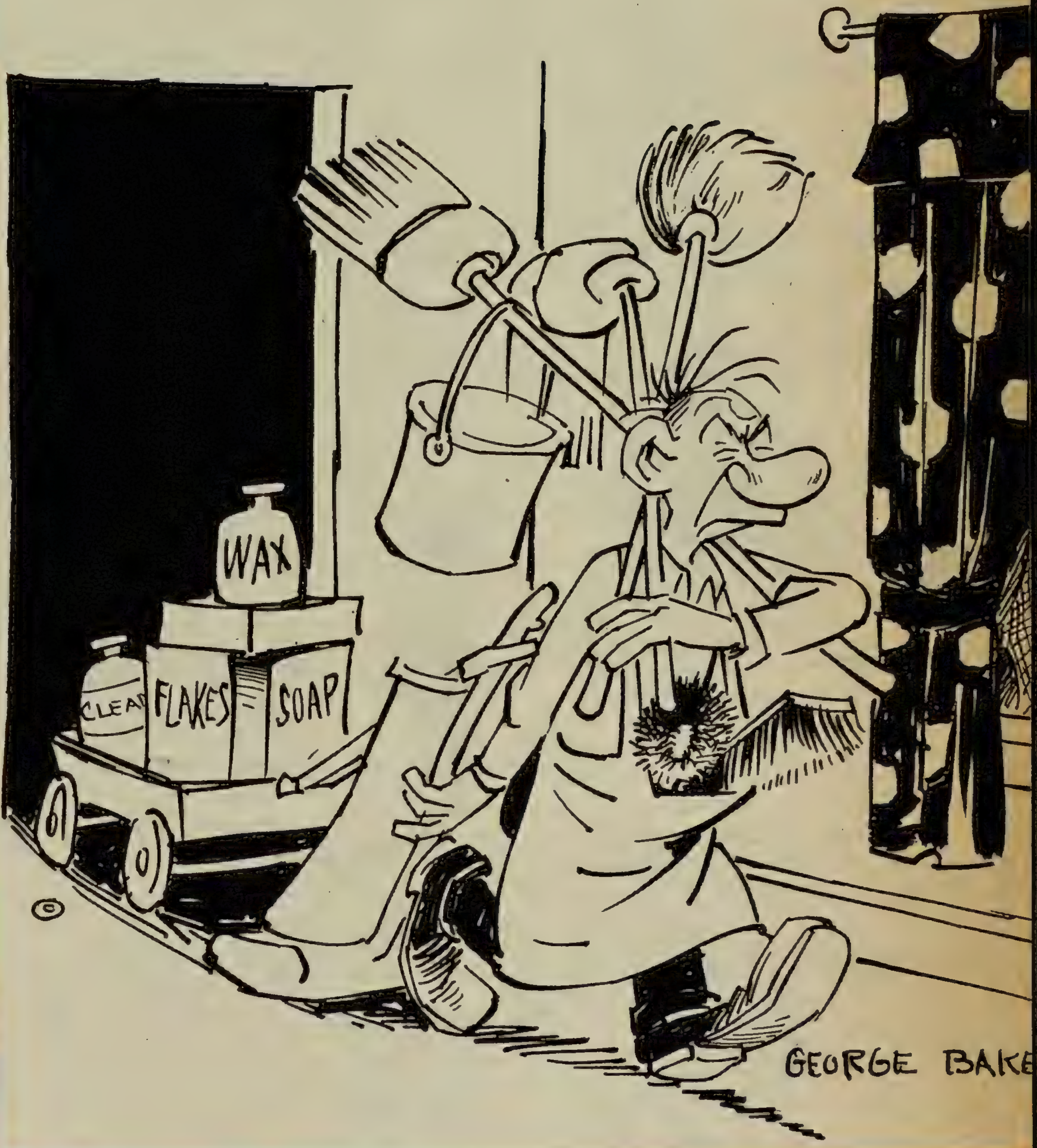
Some states have laws under which a person has the right to prevent the use of his or her name and photograph for commercial purposes. How, then, ask the lawyers, does this affect the televising of an audience at a prize fight or a ball game?

None of these difficulties are insurmountable. The important fact to keep in mind is that a refreshingly new and promising entertainment form is beginning to grow up. The public's enthusiasm will determine how far theater television will be permitted to go. ■■

Liberty home


SCOURING PADS
FURNITURE POLISH
SILVO POLISH
WALL PAPER CLEANER
METAL POLISH
DETERGENT
SOAP FLAKES
SOAP
SCOURING POWDER
WAX REMOVER
NO RUB WAX
LIQUID WAX
PASTE WAX
CREAM WAX
FOAM SHAMPOO
SPOT REMOVER
DRAIN AID
RUST REMOVER
MOTH CRYSTALS
SPONGE

Stretch your storage space and organize it more efficiently with Dor-Cab, a flexible-shelf metal cabinet to hang on the inner or outer surface of any door. We've stowed away our cleaning supplies in it, but you may prefer to use it for canned and packaged foods; or in the bathroom, for medicines, soaps, and cosmetics. Courtesy of Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., New York, N. Y.


WAX
CLEA
FLAKES
SOAP
GEORGE BAKE

Clean House—with Clean Hands...

. . . If you'll imitate Sad Sack. Actually, he's smarter—and happier—than he looks, setting out to clean house with the right equipment, handily assembled. Better follow his example

■ You're luckier than your grandmother—or even your mother. Cleaning house the hard way is no longer a social virtue. You're not blacklisted when you refuse to turn your household upside down and ruin the family's disposition (and digestion) every spring and fall with The Semi-annual House Cleaning. Instead, the family will consider you smartest-homemaker-on-the-block if you jump to take advantage of the modern aids and equipment your mother couldn't buy for any amount of money, and clean house regularly and smoothly—with clean hands.

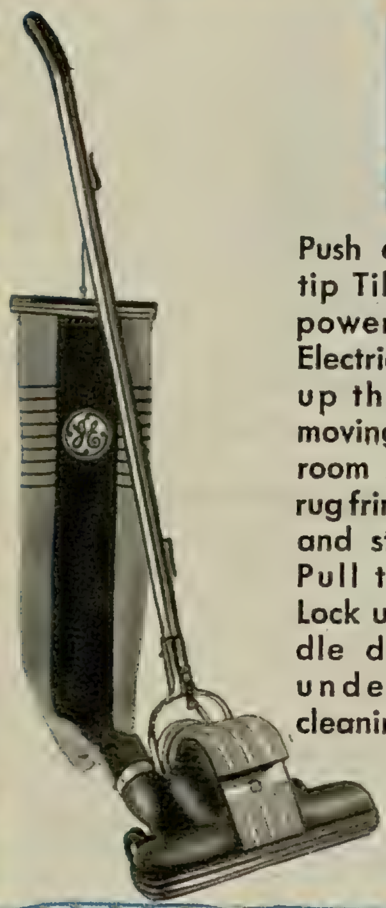
YOUR VACUUM CLEANER—MAID OF ALL WORK

■ Few satisfactions equal the sight of a spanking-clean house with gleaming floors and shining windows—a house you've polished yourself. It needn't be a backbreaking job, either, if you include a modern all-purpose vacuum cleaner in your household equipment.

We don't claim that our suggestions for getting the best from your vacuum take all the work out of house cleaning, but we do claim they will lighten the task and improve results. A recent survey of house-cleaning methods proved that full use of a vacuum and its attachments cut cleaning time by more than a third, and that the housewife removed two and a half times more dirt than before! And the dirt was really removed, not chased from table top to corner. So you may well consider buying a vacuum. If you already own one, read these pages to get the latest ideas on efficient cleaning. *(Continued on page 34)*

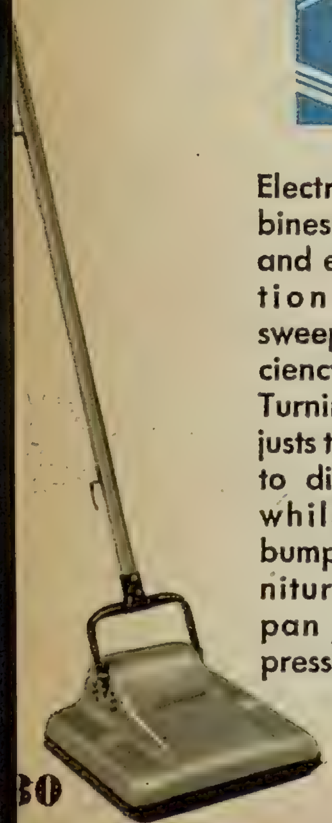
A Tattle-Tale light flashes on to warn you when the bag of this Universal cylinder cleaner should be emptied. Its instant-seal hose connection is easy to hook up and provides a suction-tight seal from hose to cylinder, while the self-cleaning rug nozzle keeps even small rugs from wrinkling up as you work. $79.95.

Hoover incorporates a Dirt Ejector mechanism in its cylinder cleaner. Up-end it on a newspaper, remove the cover, and step on a switch, which automatically shakes the dirt loose. You need never touch the dust bag. There are two handles, so you can carry and store it either vertically or horizontally. $79.50.



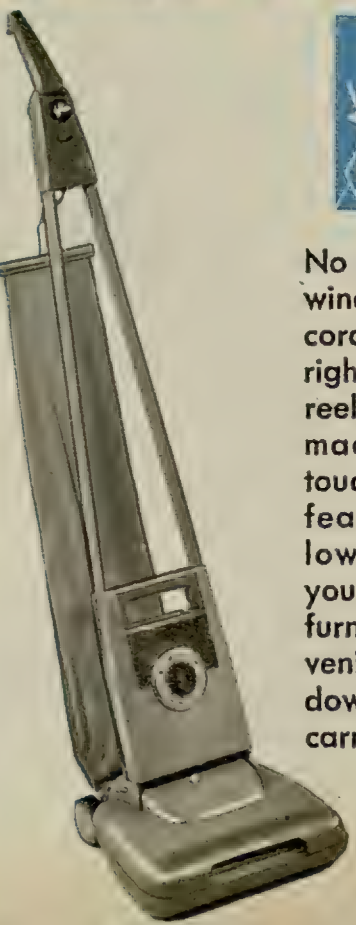
Push down the toe-tip Tilt Lock on the powerful General Electric upright to tilt up the nozzle for moving from room to room or vacuuming rug fringe, small rugs, and stair carpeting. Pull the same Tilt Lock up to shift handle downward for under-furniture cleaning. $54.95.

You'll have clean air as well as a clean house if your vacuum is a Filter Queen, since its patented cellulose air-filter unit keeps dirt in the tank. There's no bag to empty —every so often lift out the paper cone and replace with a new one. Simple as emptying a wastebasket. $94.50, without demother.

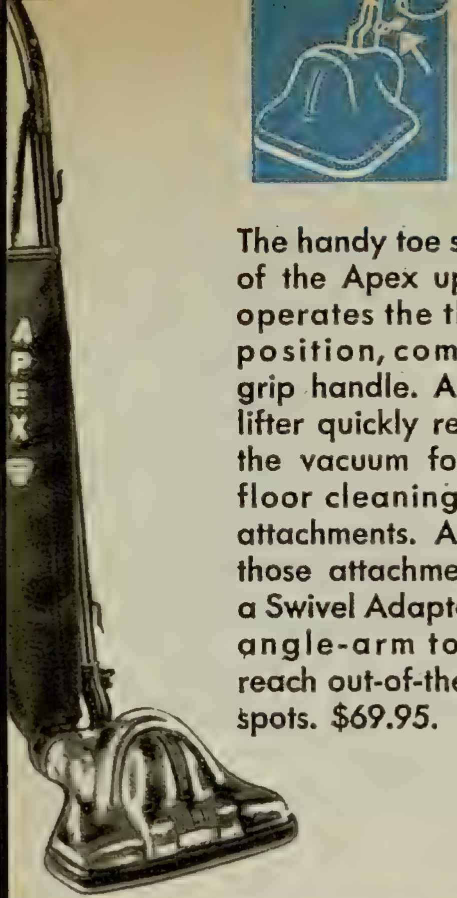


Electro-Sweep combines the light weight and effortless operation of a carpet sweeper with the efficiency of electricity. Turning a switch adjusts the brush bristles to different carpets, while a Koroseal bumper protects furniture. Empty dustpan with fingertip pressure. $19.95.

The Westinghouse tank cleaner features a toe-tip switch to turn it on or off with dispatch, and the Adjust-O-Matic carpet nozzle which whisks away not only crumbs and fuzz but stubborn dog hairs and embedded dirt. Hose outlet slants upward for speedy connection with less stooping. $74.95.



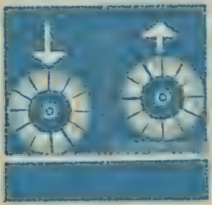
No more bending t
wind or unwind th
cord of a Singer up
right—a Cord-Maste
reels it up inside th
machine when yo
touch a button. Othe
features include
low-slung motor s
you can reach unde
furniture, and a con
venient grip midwa
down the shaft fo
carrying. $81.80.

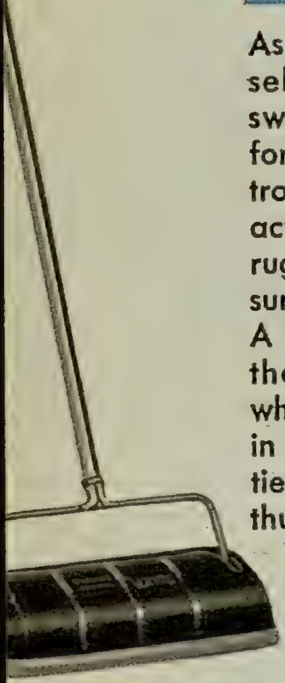


The handy toe switch of the Apex upright operates the three-position, comfort-grip handle. A belt-lifter quickly readies the vacuum for off-floor cleaning with attachments. Among those attachments is a Swivel Adapter, an angle-arm tool to reach out-of-the-way spots. $69.95.

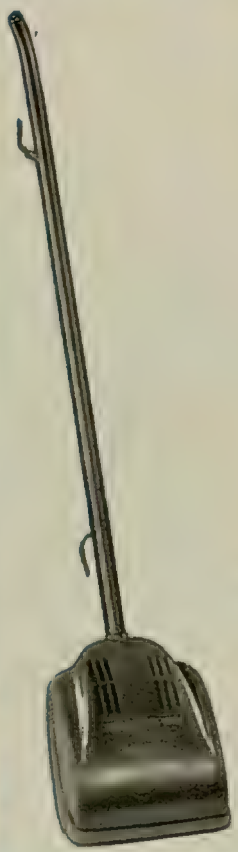
The Lewyt cleaner offers a disposable paper filter cone instead of dust bag, to be removed and replaced with a fresh one without soiling your hands. The Micro-Dust filter keeps the air clean and also silences the motor. The new carpet nozzle is more efficient than ever. $79.95.

The Royal upright has a simple efficient knob to adapt the nozzle to floor covering of different thicknesses. A handle lock, toe operated, automatically holds the handle in position as you clean stair carpet or under low furniture. The dust bag has a hinged opening. $59.95.



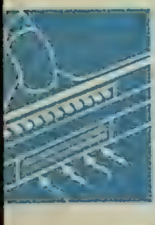


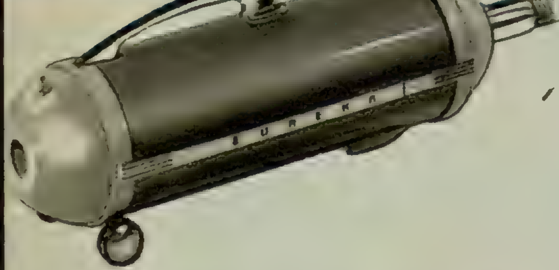
As you run the Bissell Vanity carpet sweeper back and forth, a spring control adjusts the brush action to any height rug pile without pressure on the handle. A new device keeps the handle upright when sweeper is not in use; dustpan empties with a flick of the thumb. $8.45.



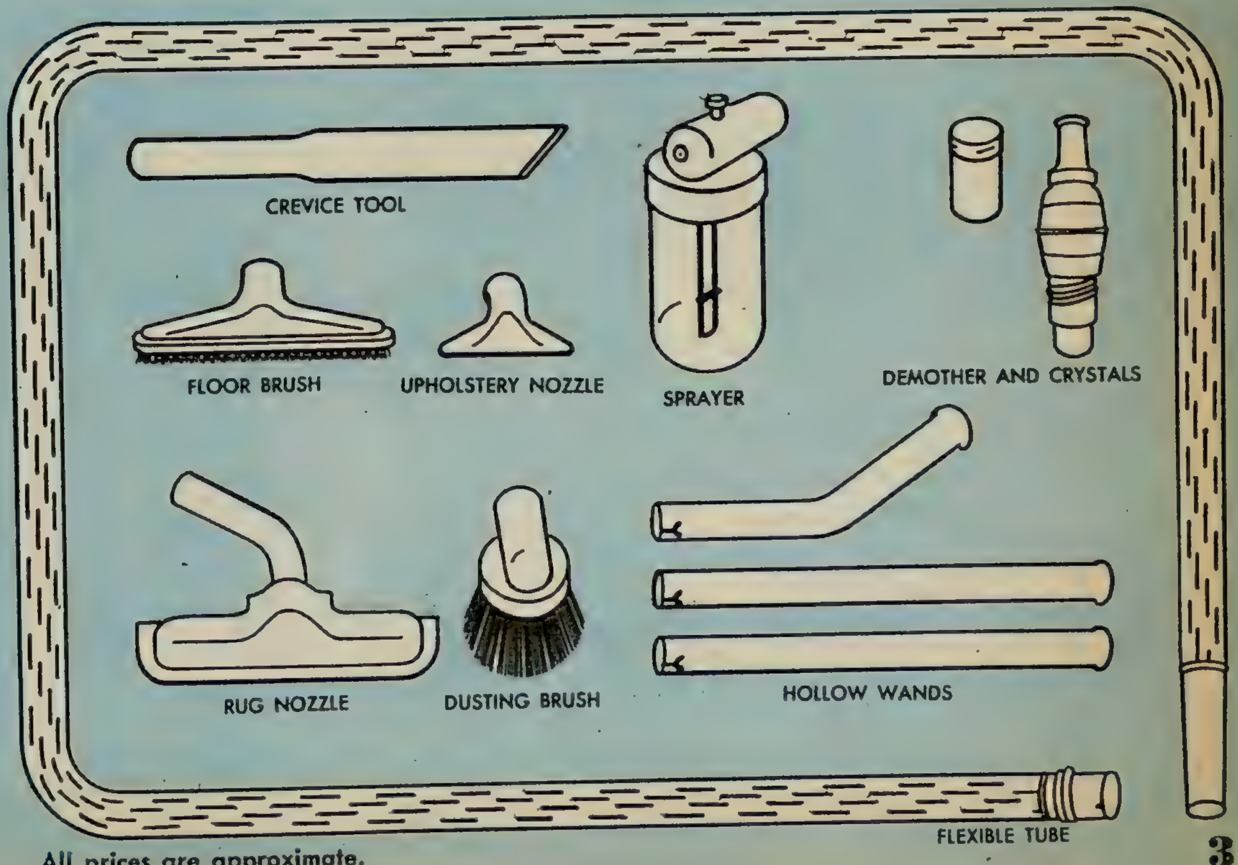
For handsome waxed wood floors and linoleum without day-long rubbing, try Johnson's Beautiflor electric polisher. Light in weight because of its all-aluminum construction, it's strong and durable and never needs oiling. The precision-made polishing brush is self-cleaning. $44.50.

Make use of the spraying attachment of the Hamilton Beach cylinder cleaner to apply liquid polish or to spray rug shampoo, paint, or insecticides. Since the cleaner is mounted on a four-wheel carriage, you can move it without scratching floors. Suction regulator allows safe fabric cleaning. $72.50.





The light-weight but efficient rug nozzle attachment of the Eureka cylinder cleaner combines metal comb and inset brush to pick up ground-in dirt as well as surface litter. A swivel connection on the nozzle enables you to clean under and around low furniture without shifting it. $69.95.



All prices are approximate.

MENU

Black Bean Soup
Corned Beef Hash
Tomato and Corn
Succotash
Toasted
Buttered White Bread
Hearts of Celery
and Finocchio
Radish Roses
Hot Gingerbread with
Cherry Whipped Cream
Coffee

FREEDOM RINGS IN THE KITCHEN

by Beulah Karney

Choose brisket of corned beef, and one trip to market equals meat for three dinners

■ February is the month to hark back to colonial kitchens with all their husky fare and time-taking ways, and without the help of so much as baking powder, canned soups, or packaged breads and cake mixes.

You think that homemaking was difficult when Martha Washington mixed up a batch of gingerbread for the master of Mount Vernon? Then I have news for you! A prominent psychiatrist (who is an authority on such matters) told me recently those early homemakers had it easier than we do today. (The things they *will* find out!) There was more mixing and stirring, true. But now, for a first time in history, woman has to play a dual role. Meaning she has about as much work to do outside the home as in.

So what to do?

Plan ahead to save marketing time, as well as cooking. But remember those little tricks that put personality into assembly-line foods.

One of my favorite ways to "let freedom ring" in the kitchen is with that good old American stand-by, corned beef brisket. It simmers away in water to cover, demanding no attention at all; makes a wonderfully economical meal with vegetables and served up with mustard sauce. Next day it's a joy to have those makings for sandwiches or cold cuts. But that popular close-out with simply wonderful corned beef hash is what makes it all so worth while.

I suppose there are as many ways to make corned beef hash as there are valentines in February, but the love of them all is the one that turns out hash with crusty bits of goodness folded in the meat and taters (equal parts) and just enough onions to flavor it. You'll declare you never ate such hash before. Try it with ham left-overs, pot roast, or soup meat!

My Simply Wonderful Corned Beef Hash

4 medium-sized potatoes cooked in boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups chopped cooked corned beef
3 tablespoons minced onion
¾ cup undiluted evaporated milk

Cook potatoes until tender. Drain and peel. Cool, cut into small cubes. Add corned beef, onion, and milk. Season with additional salt, if needed, and pepper to taste.

Heat a skillet with a good reputation for browning. Add 3 tablespoons butter or drippings. Spread hash

(Continued on page 38)

LET POP DO IT

by Leo A. McPherson

Plastic tiles, a few simple tools, and your own labor add up to a colorful new bathroom for your home

After preparing wall, start by drawing a level line.

Spread the master mastic with your notched trowel.

Start in middle, at top, using trim and full-size tiles.

For corners, mark off right size, cut with coping saw.

Fill in lines with a bit of mastic on a rubber-tile piece.

■ Since there's no better tonic for any man's ego than surveying his own handiwork, we want to tell what Pop can do to modernize your bathroom. It's about a new wall tile made of Styron plastic—a tough baby, easily cleaned and long-lasting.

It's made in more than 30 colors. The pictures show five basic steps for doing your walls. You'll need a few inexpensive tools. The dealer who sells you the tile will also have a special notched trowel to spread the master mastic that cements the tile on the wall. A three-inch putty knife would be handy. A coping saw is needed for trimming around fixtures. Get a two-foot level (yours will be a rare floor if it is really level), a pencil, and you're in business.

First prepare the walls. The tile will adhere to walls that are smooth, level, and clean, but it can't go over wallpaper, oilcloth, or water paint. Newly plastered walls or walls of porous wallboard should be sealed with a coat of clear shellac. Oil-painted walls just need a good scrubbing.

Don't start at the bottom but at the top, and don't start at all until you have drawn a level line to give a jumping-off place. Figure out your level line so you won't end up trying to finish off with a sliver of tile. Raise or lower top-tile line so there will be at least half a tile at the bottom. Begin by spreading the mastic on an area of about four or five square feet in the middle of the wall at the top. To make a nice job, put up a cap of one color, a full-size tile next, then a slim trim tile of the same color as the cap, and continue with the full-size tiles.

Do a good-sized area in the middle of the wall before you worry about corners. For them, turn a tile face to the wall, pencil the necessary size off top or bottom. The line you draw will be at an angle, depending how much the room is off square. Trim with your saw. To fit tiles around the bathroom fixtures, make a cardboard pattern in the required shape, place it on the tile, and trim the tile to match the pattern. Then butter the mastic on the trimmed pieces, not the wall, and then fit in the tile. Wipe off excess mastic before it hardens.

When the tile is all up, you'll want to fill in the lines between the tiles. Use a piece of pliable rubber floor tile, about three by four inches. Just put a bit of mastic on the edge of the rubber and go over the whole job, pressing it into the lines. The work goes fast and easy. There, you did it. Isn't it beautiful? If you have any more questions, send for:

READER SERVICE BULLETIN:
Instructions on Installing Miraplas Wall Tile
(made of Styron)
Send three cents in stamps to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Your Vacuum Cleaner— Maid of All Work

Continued from Page 30

Which vacuum for you?

That depends on your budget an
housekeeping problems. On pages 3
and 35 we show the three main type
—upright, cylinder, and filter tanks
Uprights range from about $49 t
$89; cylinders and tanks from abou
$39 to $79. Attachments are include
in the price of the tanks and cylin
ders, since they are an integral par
of the cleaner; but not with the up
rights. The separate set of tools fo
uprights runs from about $11 to $2
If your carpet is wall-to-wall or deep
piled, an upright with its powerfu
motor is for you. If your rugs ar
many and small, the cylinders o
tanks might be preferred.

Appliance of a Thousand Uses

Or so it sometimes seems. You
vacuum cleans rugs, sucking up no
just surface dust but dirt ground int
fibers. Use your upright as is for thi
job, or the carpet nozzle attachmen
of a cylinder or tank. With eithe
type, hook up the floor-and-wal
brush for bare floors, tile, linoleum
and walls. For above-floor cleaning
the flexible tube and hollow wand
extend your reach—no more climbin
up on precarious perches.

The round brush with your set o
tools dusts everything—wood furni
ture, bric-à-brac, and Venetia
blinds. Freshen upholstered furni
ture, draperies, mattresses, and bo
springs with the drapery and uphol
stery nozzle. The thin crevice too
reaches impossible spots—behind ra
diators, deep in the folds of chairs
and between baseboard and carpe
(favorite nesting spots for moths)
Most kits include demothers an
sprayers. In other words, you ca
combine vacuum cleaners and elec
tricity to do almost three-fourths o
your cleaning.

Pamper Your "Maid of All Work"

Such a versatile appliance rate
top care. Study the manufacturer'
leaflet of instructions. It tells yo
how to adjust brushes as they wea
down; to keep nozzles and brushe
clean; above all, to empty the ba
regularly. A vacuum is only half effi
cient if air can't get through the dirt
laden bag.

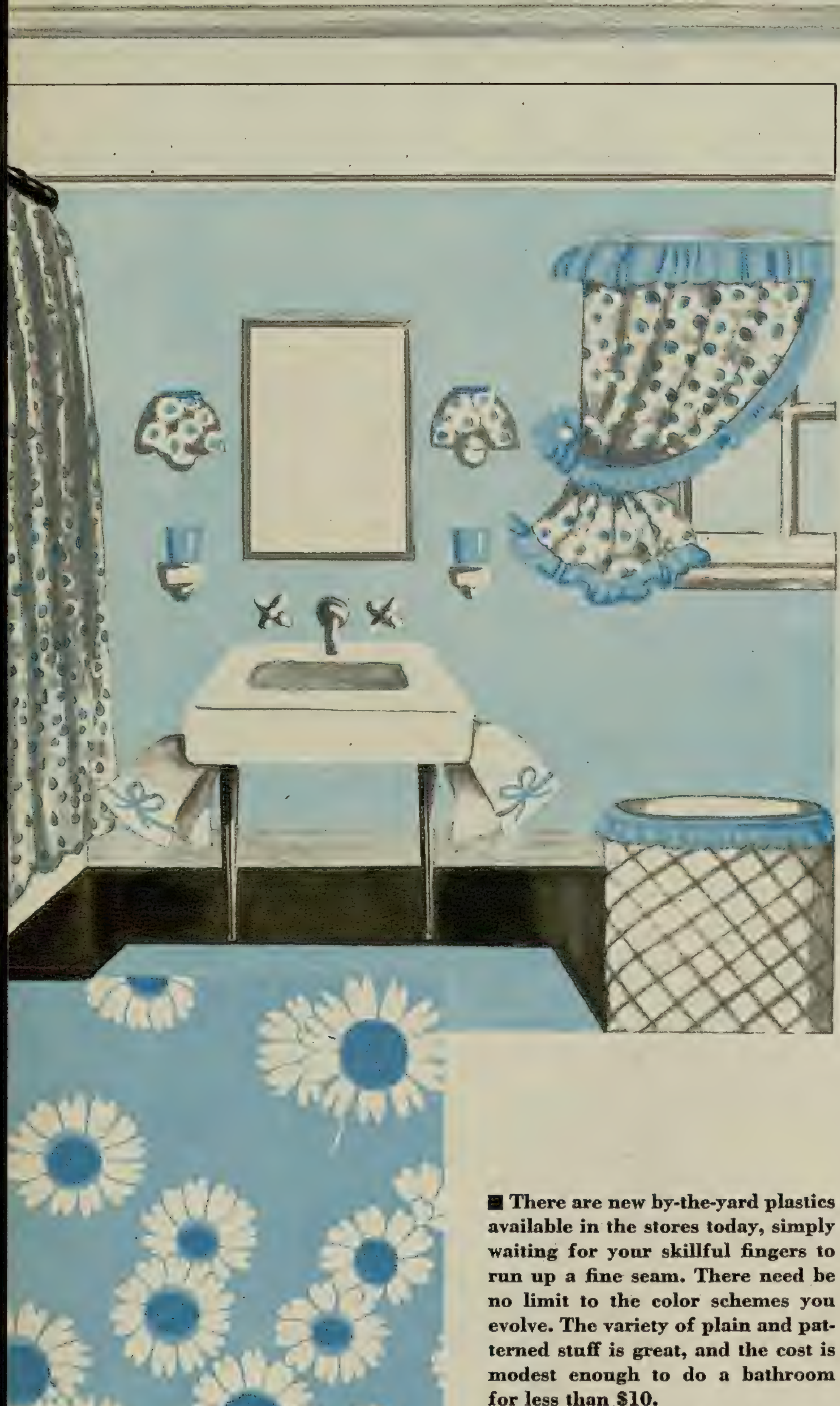
Aids to Your Cleaning Equipment

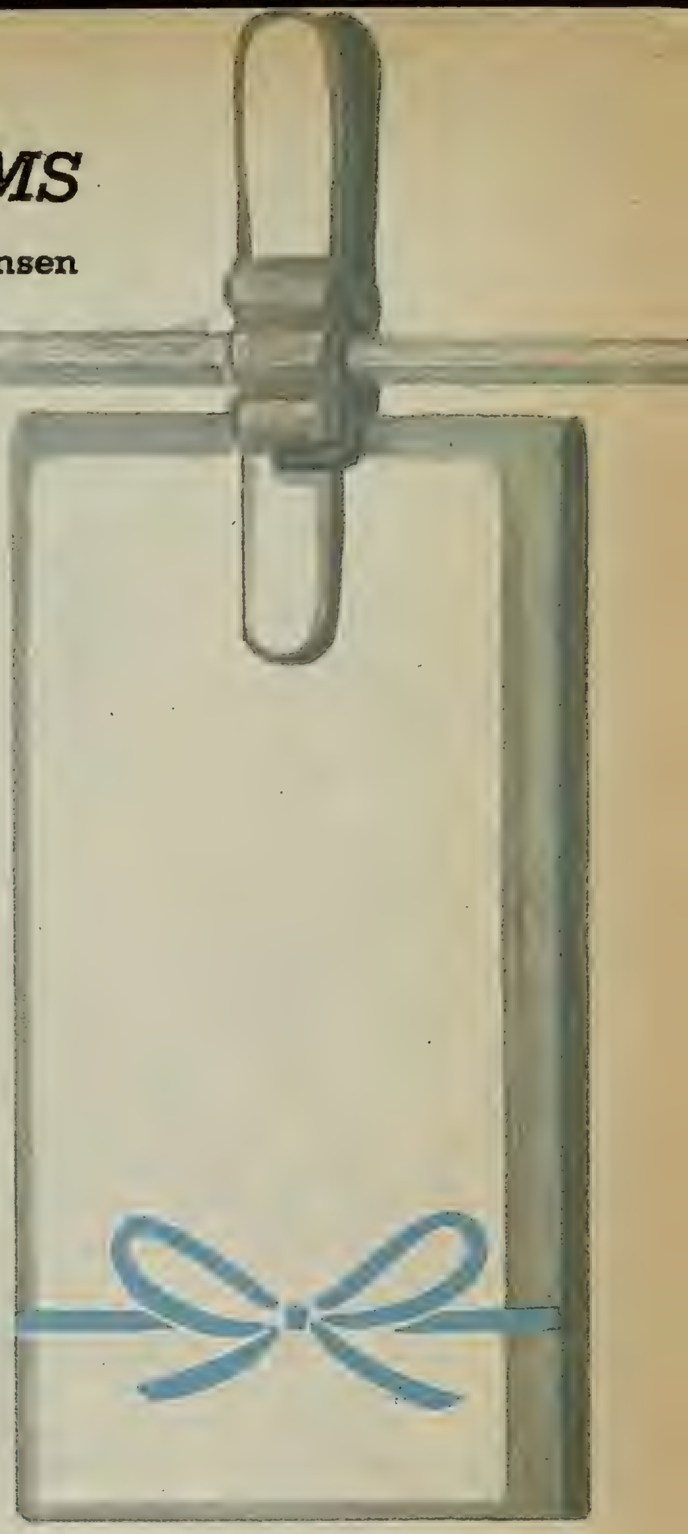
A vacuum is your stand-by fo
house cleaning. But the newly im
proved carpet sweepers are ideal fo
in-between cleaning. An electric floo
polisher rubs up dazzling floors. Usu
ally one can be rented locally—or yo
and neighbors might band together t
buy one. Check regularly on you
supply of polishes, waxes, scourin
powders, soaps and detergents, spe
cial cleansers for metal, paint, wood
and glass. There's nothing more an
noying than one necessity which i
missing when you are ready to work
With preplanning and the right equip
ment, you can look forward to more
efficient cleaning—and to more time
and energy with which to enjoy you
family and your home. ■

ecorating for under ten dollars . . .

USE PLASTICS FOR BATHROOMS

by Lillian Langseth-Christensen





Plastic clothesline and clips for your small washbowl laundry are illustrated above. Also shown is the new soft fabric towel that looks like paper but really is cloth. It sells at such a low cost, it can be tossed aside after using. Good-by to washing and ironing.

■ There are new by-the-yard plastics available in the stores today, simply waiting for your skillful fingers to run up a fine seam. There need be no limit to the color schemes you evolve. The variety of plain and patterned stuff is great, and the cost is modest enough to do a bathroom for less than $10.

We chose a daisy-dot pattern in blue and white for the shower, window curtains, and ruffled lamp shades, and plain blue for the ruffled top of the wastebasket and on the window curtains. The plastic is soft, flexible, and easy to sew. And, yes, it's washable. You'll enjoy your handiwork.

It is a simple procedure to cut and sew the new plastic fabric. It makes decorative accessories at low cost. Prices are listed below for the items in the picture.

Beutafilm Plastic	
1 yd. for lamp shades and valance for window curtains.................	$ .59
4 yds. for shower curtain at 59 cents a yd.	2.36
2 yds. for window curtain at 59 cents a yd.	1.18
½ yd. quilted, to cover basket, at 98 cents a yd.....................	.49
Firestone Velon—Hartford Textiles	
2 packages Masslinn towels at 39 cents a package......................	.78
Blue rubber bathtub mat; Goodrich Rubber.........................	1.50
20-foot plastic clothesline; 12 plastic crysta-clear clothespins; Hobar Company	1.75
5 yds. ruffles for window curtains and top of basket at 25 cents a yd........	1.25
	$9.90

Reader Service Bulletins • **Make It of Beutafilm; Sew It with Beutafilm. Send 3 cents in stamps for these two booklets to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.**

It isn't a birthday without

ICE CREAM

BIRTHDAY IDEAS FROM LIBERTY'S HOME KITCHEN

■ The spotlight's on February for two reasons: it's so short a month, and so full of birthdays. And what's a birthday without ice cream? When the shortest month of the year is heaped so high with birthday possibilities, what better time to give a party—Lincoln's day, St. Valentine's, or George Washington's? There may even be a birthday child at your home—and for children ice cream is the party! So let's dress it up in true festive style and give a February birthday party.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Press 1½ quarts vanilla ice cream into shallow heart-shaped mold. Tie with bow of red ribbon. Serve with red raspberry sauce.

BIRTHDAY ICE CREAM with FRUIT SAUCE

Fill a pretty bowl with heaping spoonfuls of three kinds of ice cream (chocolate, pistachio, and strawberry in picture). Place bowl on large flat tray and arrange cookies around bowl. Serve a special fruit sauce.

BIRTHDAY FRUIT SAUCE
(Serves 8)

1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup fruit syrup from canned peaches or apricots
Juice 1 lemon
2 level tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup sugar
6 to 8 maraschino cherries

Heat fruit juice and syrup to boiling point. Mix sugar and cornstarch together. Add boiling liquid to dry ingredients, stir until smooth. Return to saucepan, cook until thickened, stirring constantly about 2 minutes. Remove it from the heat, and add lemon juice and the fruit. Cool sauce and serve cold.

HOLIDAY QUICKIES
Lincoln's Birthday

Heap 1½ quarts vanilla ice cream in bowl. Cover liberally with broken pecan nuts. Serve with maple syrup and log cabin cookies, made by frosting lady fingers with chocolate frosting. Press soft frosting with tines of fork for bark.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Fill pastry shells with cherry ice cream, garnish with whipped cream and a candied cherry.

Reader Service Bulletin: Recipe Secrets with Ice Cream. Send 3-cent stamp for copy to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Smart Men buy PM

OVER . . . and OVER . . . and OVER *again!*

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IT ISN'T AN EVENING

They like the Taste!
They like the Price!

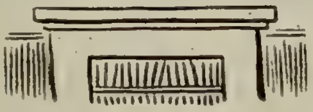
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Liberty SHORT CUTS to better living

Edited by Nanette Kutner

■ When Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower moved to her new Columbia University home, the old Nicholas Murray Butler mansion remodeled to perfection, she thought she would have plenty of closet room.

"And yet," Mrs. Eisenhower told me, "we finally had to take over the General's gun closet and move poor Ike's guns to the cellar. Speaking of closets," she added, "when Ike and I were married, our first apartment consisted of two square rooms, with practically no closet space at all! We grew tired of always *having* to eat at Officers' Mess; I wanted to do light housekeeping, and that's when I invented two short cuts. On either side of the fireplace were low bookshelves. I bought curtain rods and fine net. I shirred the net so tightly, it was impossible to see through it. Across the shelves I hung these curtains, and behind them invisibly reposed our toaster, coffee pot, everyday dishes, and silver. This left the problem of books. Since the fireplace didn't work, we built bookshelves in that open space."



The readers of Liberty, as well as Mrs. Eisenhower, are often obliged to improvise closet space. So this month we start with a similar short cut from the mail.

CLOSET SPACE

I made a convenient closet in a small room by running a shower rod across one end of the room and using two shower curtains that could easily be pulled back and forth when clothes were wanted. I bought two decorative curtains that blended with the color scheme of the room.—*Rose Teller, Kansas City, Mo.*

SILEX HOLDER

Because my wife kept breaking the glass stem of our Silex, I built three shelves six inches deep, twelve inches wide. Before assembling, I bored two holes in middle shelf to accommodate one large Silex top, one small, inserting the stems in the holes. I placed a bowl on lower shelf under stems, in case they dripped. The Silex bottoms are kept on the upper shelf. I built the shelves so as to leave six inches between lower and middle, nine between the middle and top.—*Martin Beardslee, Sherman, Conn.*

UNWRINKLING TIES

To save my wife ironing, I fold each of my ties in two, right side out. I start rolling it smoothly from the folded end to the end of tie. Then I stick in a straight pin to hold in place.

Twenty-four hours later the tie is as good as pressed.—*Louis De Bellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

THREADING A NEEDLE

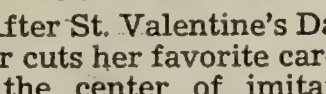
When your eyes grow tired and that needle is difficult to thread, hold it against a white background.—*Nelly Fold, Portland, Oreg.*

NAIL-POLISH DRIER

To dry wet nail polish in a jiffy, stick your hands in cold water.—*Virginia Cook, Reading, Pa.*

JUVENILE VEST PROTECTOR

When I take my small son out to eat, I handle the unruly paper-napkin situation with clothespins (pretty plastic ones, snap variety). Tie a ribbon between two of these pins, carry them in your purse. Come time to eat, slip ribbon around Junior's neck, fastening the pins to napkin.—*Martha Pomeroy, Bloomington, Ind.*



CUTE DECORATIONS

After St. Valentine's Day my teenager cuts her favorite cards round, to fit the center of imitation Wedgwood plates, dessert size (bought at the dime store). She pastes one card on a plate. Hanging against a wall or standing upon the mantel, they make cute decorations for a girl's room.—*Mrs. Lew Gold, Dallas, Texas.*

REMOVING LINT

My daughter, a secretary, removes office lint from her wool suit by using Scotch tape. Pull back a strip about one inch long, hold adhesive side on top with your thumb. Gently stroke this surface over wool area, pulling back the one-inch strips as needed.—*Rita Weingard, Perth Amboy, N. J.*

For each Short Cut published, Liberty will pay $15. Short Cuts must be from your own experience or observation, and the source given. Address contributions to Short Cut Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FREEDOM RINGS IN THE KITCHEN

Continued from Page 33

carefully, so as not to disturb fat. When milk becomes absorbed and hash is brown, lift crust with spatula or pancake turner. Then occasionally fold crust into hash. Takes about 30 minutes, and you'll need to watch it. Serves four.

Here's my recipe for:

Mustard Sauce

Mix 2 level teaspoons dry English mustard
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar

Gradually add 2½ tablespoons water and stir to a creamy consistency. This doesn't have to be cooked. The flour is used to dilute the strength of the mustard.

A Popular Hostess Keeps a Supply of Cakes and Cookies for Unexpected Guests

Drop Cookies

Cream ½ cup fat
1 cup syrup mixed with 1 beaten egg
Add 2¼ cups sifted flour, with
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Add 1 teaspoon flavoring

Bake in 375°F. oven. Remove while hot from sheet so cookies won't break. This makes 60 drop cookies.

Little Crinkle Tops

Bottoms:
5 tablespoons shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup milk
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt

Tops:
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 egg whites
⅔ cup granulated sugar
1 cup ground unblanched almonds
½ teaspoon lemon extract

BOTTOMS: Cream shortening and sugar. Beat milk and egg yolks together, add to creamed mixture and stir to blend. Add flavoring and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Stir to mix.

TOPS: Add cream of tartar to egg whites and beat until egg whites are stiff but not dry. Combine sugar, almonds, and flavoring and stir into egg whites. Drop dough for bottoms onto greased cooky sheet in small mounds about 4 inches apart. Drop approximately the same amount of topping mixture on top of dough. Flatten mounds slightly. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 14 minutes. Cookies should be thin and crisp. Makes approximately 2½ dozen large cookies.

READER SERVICE BULLETIN

For information on the latest and best housecleaning methods, send three cents in stamps to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Summer in Your Window

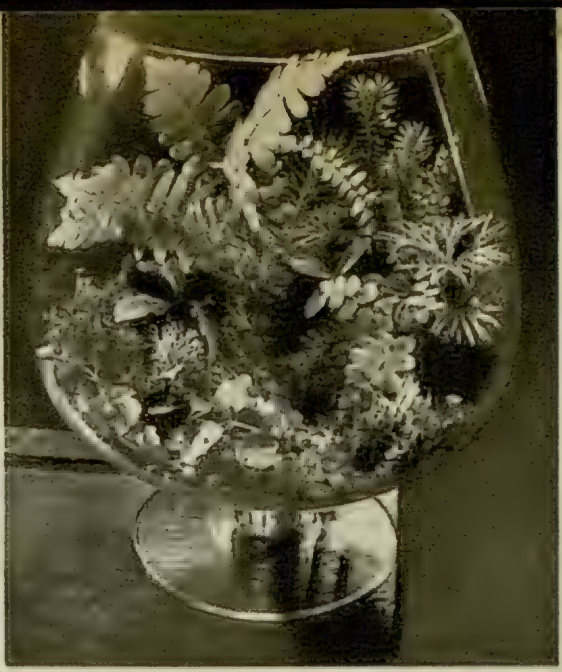
by Jean Hersey

At little cost you can foil winter's bleakness with a tiny indoor Garden of Eden to delight the whole family

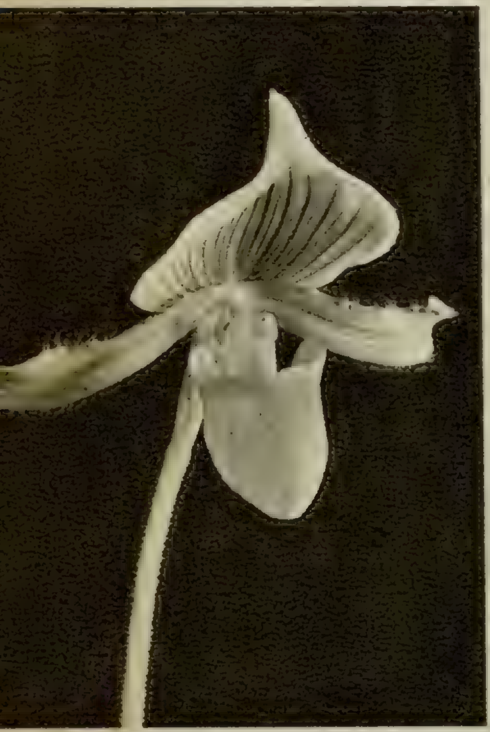
■ A window garden need not be merely a static row of discouraged house plants, but a real, living, growing garden in the house—a garden where every member of the family has a part to play and gain some special enjoyment and satisfaction therefrom.

Such a garden will cost but a few cents if you run to the kitchen for most of your material such as sweet potatoes for vines; or you may buy plants priced anywhere from ten cents for a cactus to three to eight dollars for an orchid plant.

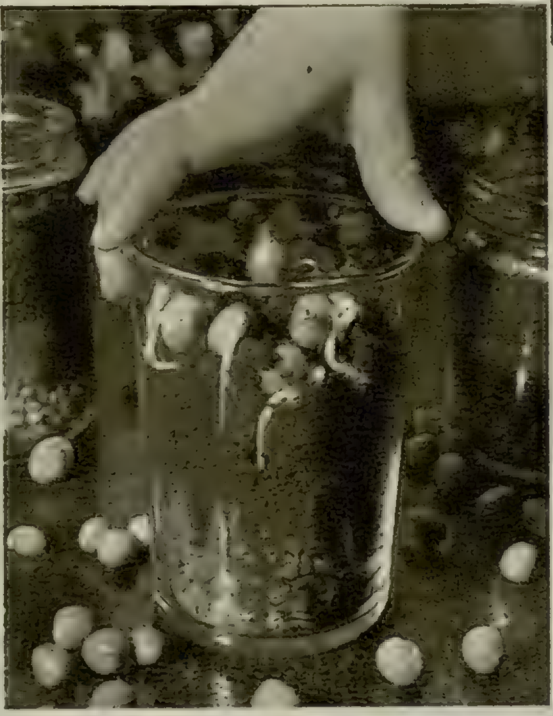
Four-year-old Sally will like the kitchen horticulture angle. Children like things that grow fast—leaves that are



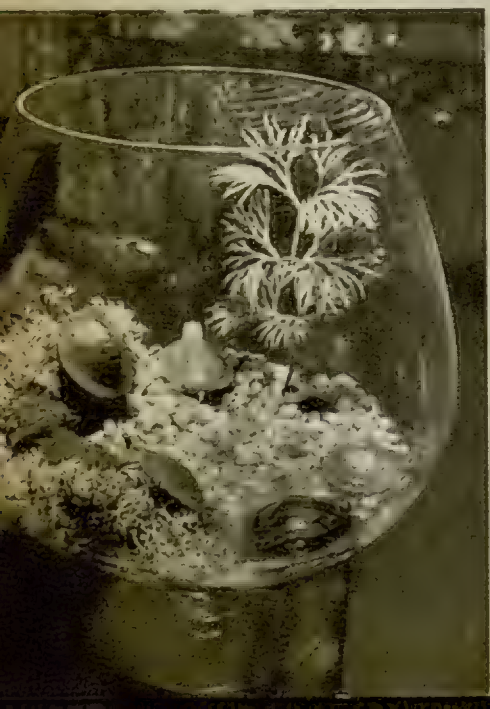
A glass bowl (the one
is a brandy inhaler),
several varieties of
some earth and pebbl
all you need for a
rium. For tools you'll
extra-long tweezers fo
dling the tiny plants,
for tamping the earth
an atomizer. Use a
cover to hold the moi
Arrange the plants in
terraces for best e



Lady's-slipper orchids
these (note close-up)
keep blooming for
months. Orchid leave
sponged off with rain
which is best for wat
plants. Furnace-heate
is too dry for orchid
sure to keep it humid
sunny days open the
dows, but not directl
the plants. Windows
be opened for ten mi



Window gardening is
pastime for adults
Children can learn
growing things, too.
aged four (left), is
rounded by kitchen
cultural material.
sweet potatoes luxu
vines grow. Corn, b
and peas put in a tu
packed with pebbles
earth give visual evid
of how the seeds dev



A turtle lagoon (lef
for the boy of the h
The lagoon, like the
rium, is based in a
brandy glass. Pebbles,
and a fern or two pr
the makings. Pebble
kept high at one poi
the turtles have a dry
for a sun deck. Tim
his turtles on bits of
meat and ant eggs
he buys from a pet

ants like African violet (above) like get their feet wet, but most need to placed in positions above the water.

rge to look at and quick to sprout. weet potatoes, avocado-pear seeds, apefruit seeds, and carrot tops are nong the things that come under at heading. Pea and bean seeds ay be grown in tumblers of dirt, e seed placed next to the glass so ildren can watch the growth.

Twelve-year-old Tim is charmed the fauna in the outdoor garden— e bees, the birds, and the butter- es. Why not wild life indoors, too? turtle (25 to 30 cents) resting on rock in a small ivy-encircled la- oon, a chameleon (up to 50 cents) nning himself, lend life and mo- on to the window garden.

Perhaps the mistress of the house kes the woods. If so, a terrarium is r her. Any fish bowl with a glass p will do to start with. Material eed not be from the woods but om the florist—small feathery rns, tiny-leafed ivies, miniature ants of all kinds. No cactus, please; o pink pebbles or Chinese pagodas. his is to be a real woods in minia- ure with ledges of moss, ferns trail- ng down, and a bit of red lichen, l put together in such a way that e things will not only live but row. Small buttonhook fern fronds ill uncurl there for the lady of the ouse, and when she lifts the glass p, the whole family will breathe the lush warm smell of the woods spring. Many department stores ave ferns for about 20 cents apiece. iny ferns usually run about 10 to 15 cents. One of the best places to purchase a good variety of house plants is the Burgess Seed Company, Galesburg, Michigan.

ools for window gardening are sim- le and inexpensive. The pellets here rovide a concentrated plant food.

For the master of the house there are orchids. He will find that some orchid varieties will thrive and bloom indoors. Orchids needn't take seven years to bloom nor cost a million dollars. For his original investment of something under ten dollars, he will have a plant or two which will last ten years or more and flower annually. He will also find that a bloom often remains on a plant for as long as two months; that an atomizer spray filled with rain water and frequently used on the leaves helps the humidity problem. Following are some of the most interesting varieties:

Brassia verrucosa—yellow and brown flowers with purple spots and seven or so to a stalk; lady's-slipper orchid—*Cypripedium Maudiae*—white with green markings; *Laelia superbiens*—rosy lavender with a dozen blooms on a tall stalk; *Dendrobium nobile*—white with maroon markings and beautiful waxlike petals; *Coelogyne cristata*—white with yellow centers; and *Cattleya mossiae*, which has lavender flowers. This last the typical "mink coat" orchid-shaped bloom.

Here are some reliable and not-too-expensive places where you may buy orchids: George E. Baldwin, Inc., Mamaroneck, New York; L. Sherman Adams Co., Wellesley, Massachusetts; N. W. Curson, 2246 96th Avenue, Oakland 5, California; and Butterworths, Florists, Framingham, Massachusetts.

■ The best location for a window garden is any good light window, sun preferred and the more the merrier, but sun is not vital. After your garden is established, a few minutes' daily care, which may be shared and enjoyed by the whole family, will suffice.

The key to successful indoor gardening is an ample supply of humidity. Plenty of moisture counteracts our too-dry furnace-heated air. For best results, grow your garden in shallow trays filled with pebbles and water. A few pieces of charcoal dropped here and there in the trays will help keep the water fresh.

A tinsmith can make the trays, or you can buy large shallow baking pans at most department and hardware stores. About the only other things you'll need are one or two small atomizers, a short stick for tamping the earth in the terrarium, a pair of long tweezers for handling moss and tiny plants, a small sponge for orchid leaves, a soft brush for dusting the leaves of African violets, and some plant food in tablet form.

Try everything and anything. Don't be inhibited by the rules. The more you try, the more you will tangle with the fun and high adventure involved. The first thing you know, you will have a small section of the Garden of Eden between you and that February blizzard—an Eden of miniature woods and flowering orchids. ■■

BLOOD ON THE SNOW

Continued from Page 11

stopped, flushing, and he had to come to her, and only her outstretched hand met him. Her grip was as firm and generous as he remembered, but disappointment was a scalding ache within him.

"Didn't the superintendent phone that I was coming?"

"He phoned." It was Raoul Mercer, Mary's father, who answered briefly. "I just didn't get around to telling you, Mary."

He nodded to John, and John realized that between him and Mary's father there could be no change of feeling.

Mary asked, "How long have you been back, John?"

"Two months. The company has given me back my old job."

"I wrote to you a number of times. Did you get my letters?"

"Not for a long time. I was captured in Italy and spent a couple of eternities in a German prison, then in an English hospital, getting over that prison."

"Oh, John!"

"I'm all right now; in fact I'm fine."

She was studying him intently, and her face was too expressive, her nature too frank, for her to hide her feelings easily; and he sensed in her an uprush of pleasure—and deep, troubled foreboding. But she said simply, "I'm glad you're back, John."

Burly Raoul Mercer was loading some supplies into the cab of the motor. John got busy aiding Larssen put their skis and snow-sampling equipment aboard. The motor was a tractor with a cab mounted over a caterpillar tread as wide as the whole vehicle, wide enough to carry them over the deepest drifts. It could not climb well, however, and would take them only as far as the first patrol cabin.

Mary and her father stepped into the cab, and John and Gunnar followed. Roar of the motor made talk difficult as they climbed up narrow Mammoth Pass, dazzling walls of snow on either side. Talk would have been difficult anyhow, John realized. He wasn't welcome.

Mary's father was as resentful of him as he had always been. And Mary— Well, constraint was natural. But why such an uneasy and troubled constraint? Their life together had been decent and glowing; and when the break came, it had been without recriminations. The parting had been sharp and clean, so as to heal the better. Only, for him it had never healed.

He knew that now. That was why he had come to see her. And being with her again, even so briefly, he knew that he needed her, and that for him there could never be anyone else.

■ The tractor lunged up out of the pass and onto Horse Meadows; and at the powerhouse at Condor Dam they stopped for lunch. While the others washed up, John had a moment alone with Mary.

"Did you go to Reno, as I wrote you to, Mary?"

LIBERTY

"It's getting late, dear. Have you decided what we are going to do this evening?"

"No, John. I—waited. Somehow, with you overseas, it didn't seem fair."

"But you *did* get a divorce?"

"Finally. I wrote to you twice about it, so that you could contest it, if you wanted to. You didn't answer, and I went through with it. The decree will be final in two months."

"I see. Meanwhile you've been living with your father?"

"Where else should I live?"

"Anywhere else!" he said sharply and turned away.

The tractor took them on up the valley, over a ridge and along the big reservoir of Fremont Lake.

An hour after sundown they reached Cabin No. 1 on Gin Flat.

They ate supper and turned in early, merely taking off boots and climbing into sleeping bags. As Mary bent to unlace her boots, John noticed a fine thin chain about her neck, and his heart choked up into his throat.

And as he lay waiting for sleep, within sound of Mary's quiet breathing in the opposite bunk, memories crowded in upon him.

■ That chain about her neck— Once, in a dingy San Francisco store, he had found a cameo of a girl's profile. It was so young and smilingly eager, so glowingly lovely and alive, that he'd been unable to resist it. It cost only a couple dollars, but he bought a fine platinum chain for it, and Mary had worn it about her neck as a medallion. He had had a habit of bringing her presents on the most barefaced of pretexts: because it was *his* birthday, or payday, or Palm Sunday, or Guy Fawkes Day. When they were living at lonely Mormon Bar, on a powerhouse job, by mail he bought her a black lace negligee. "But, John darling," she protested, "if our neighbors saw this, they'd say I was an abandoned woman!" And she never wore it except when they made week-end trips for fun into San Francisco. "Like illicit lovers," John said, grinning. At Christmas he never brought her one gift, but a whole grabbag full, mostly gay and trifling, but something extravagant, too. She'd scold, but her eyes would be shining, and she'd whisper, "Darling, you don't have to give me *anything!*" And he'd say, "Oh, no? Whenever I do, you're extra sweet to me, just proving you're a mercenary creature." Whereupon she'd turn away, and resist—but only for a little while.

They had a lot of fun together. They moved a lot, from job to job, but Mary never complained at being uprooted; John said he wanted wide experience, and that sufficed. It was John who complained. About her father.

Mary's mother had died when she was eleven; and burly, moody Raoul Mercer had never remarried. He worked for the power company as a caretaker of one of their mountain stations. It was a lonely life. Mary and her father became very close. For him, when she married John, it was a calamity, and he never got over resenting John.

Mary was loyal; and when her father indulged his neurasthenic tendencies, she would hurry back to him. He never wrote that he was so lonesome that he was going crazy. He would write that his asthma was giving him nights of desperation; that his heart palpitations were worse. Mary wasn't fooled. But she knew that he *was* horribly lonely. So Mary would go visit him. It happened about once a month—and it infuriated John.

"Damn it, I need you as much as he does!" John would rage.

"Dad is sixty-eight," Mary would say.

"And how he's working it!"

"I'm all he's got."

"You're all *I've* got!"

"You're twenty-eight—and handsome, and smart, and irresistible to women."

"Mary, don't go."

"If you mean that, I'll stay."

"And eat your heart out," he'd groan. "All right, go. But I warn you, I'll eat in hash joints and get trench mouth and malnutrition! I'll read all night. I'll go to San Francisco and get drunk with a blonde!"

At that she'd laugh, and he'd grin sheepishly, and they would be very tender to each other—until traintin

One day the company tractor ove turned, and Mary's father bro three ribs and dislocated his hip. Th time she was gone a month. A we after her return, her father got pne monia, and she hurried back to hi She was gone another month. Jo did not even write to her. He di finally, send her a wire—he had tak a job on a dam project in the Sta of Guanajuato in Mexico. She mu follow at once, by plane. She wir back that her father was still in pr carious health and she could n leave him. Whereupon John a swered that either she would come once or she could go to Reno. Th came when Raoul seemed headed f a relapse, and Mary was very lo and needed someone to turn to. S didn't answer John, not until wee had passed. By that time John ha quit his job again. Restless and to mented, he couldn't stay put. H joined the army, and was in a trai ing camp in Louisiana when Ma wrote, and he never received her le ters. . . .

He had been in the wrong. He kne that now.

But hope soared in him. He neede Mary. He'd make her feel his ne of her. She was loyal, so intense loyal—

■ He had actually fallen asleep, that when the telephone pealed sha teringly in the quiet of the cabin, h started violently.

He swung his feet to the floor an took the phone from the hook ne his bunk. It was a private line co necting the powerhouses and sever of the shelter cabins on Southe Power's watershed,

"Hello?" John said.

At first there was no answer. But seemed to him that he heard someo gasping for breath; then it sound as if someone were sobbing; and the a young woman's choked voice sai "I'm hurt. I'm hurt. P-please he me—"

"Hello!" John said loudly. "Whe are you? What's wrong? Of cour we'll help you. Where are you?"

That racked weeping! Then agai "I'm hurt. Please help me," as if th girl had not heard John's answer.

"We *will* help you," John said re assuringly. "Where are you?"

But the young woman was eith out of her senses or fainting, for h got no answer, just that sobbing weakness and pain. And then it fade out. He heard nothing more at all.

Anxiously he repeated, "Hell Hello!"

"What is it, John?" Mary aske turning up the lamp.

He hung up and looked aroun Mary's father and Larssen, too, we sitting up and staring at hi Quickly he explained.

"I'll call Slim Allen at Fremo Lake," Mary said, "and have him ri every phone on the line. It must b from some place below us, thoug because there's nobody higher up th range."

Her father nodded and repeate "Nobody has come up into the sno not even a trapper, to say nothing some young woman alone."

Mary cranked the old-fashione

Puzzle 435 2/1/49

hone four times to ring the Fremont ake powerhouse. Briefly she explained and hung up.

"Slim Allen wanted to know if it ould maybe be a joke?"

"No!" John said vehemently.

"Slim will check and send help if eeded. I hope he locates the girl. here's nothing worse than being urt—and alone."

John's lean face turned hot and rimson. Mary noticed. She had alays been so quick to read his feelngs. She smiled now and shook her ead. She had not meant her words s a gibe. He should have known that. Iary never harbored malice.

Mary cooked breakfast at dawn. hen John and Gunnar Larssen onned their skis and shouldered their acks of snow-sampling equipment.

"See you tonight," Mary said. "I'll o on to the Rock Creek cabin, and ave a hot dinner waiting for you."

Gunnar Larssen frowned as if he idn't like the idea, and abruptly tarted off. John followed, wondering bout him.

Gunnar was thirty-five, tall and inely built. He had hair as yellow s butter, and a lean aquiline face ronzed by sun, and eyes as sharp and rosty blue as the eyes of one of his iking ancestors. Some years ago unnar had homesteaded up on Fireveed Meadows, and had run a dog eam. His Siberian and Labrador uskies had been the best team in the listrict, and during the snow season e'd had frequent calls to freight mergency food and equipment from he highway back to snowbound nines and ranches.

In summertime he'd had to keep his wolfish dogs penned. On several ccasions the cunning huskies had roken out; and, wolfishly, they oamed the countryside in a pack, overing an amazing distance and dong amazing damage. The last time it appened, they killed thirty-odd heep, three prize heifers, and two Morgan-bred colts, and chewed up a rancher who rashly waded into hem with a singletree. A howl went up. Gunnar, in his stubborn honesty, paid off every claim for damages without haggling over a dollar. It broke him. He had to sell his little pread to do it. He had been engaged o a girl in Lone Pine; but when she ound out what had happened, she old him that either he got rid of his dogs or he'd be rid of her. That aroused his stubbornness. He wrote her that he was keeping his dogs.

When the war came, he was working for Southern Power. He enlisted. His huskies, then, were a problem. They were too serious a responsibility to inflict upon his friends. So he shot the dogs, every one of them. On Kiska, a Jap bullet broke his left arm. The elbow remained somewhat stiff. Discharged, he returned home and went back to work for Southern Power.

I guess he's lived alone too much, John mused. He always was quiet, but easy-tempered. Now he's snappish as an old hound.

At Aspen Meadows they stopped to fix sealskin climbers onto their skis. Slowly they made their way over Squaw Ridge and along the bed of

---

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

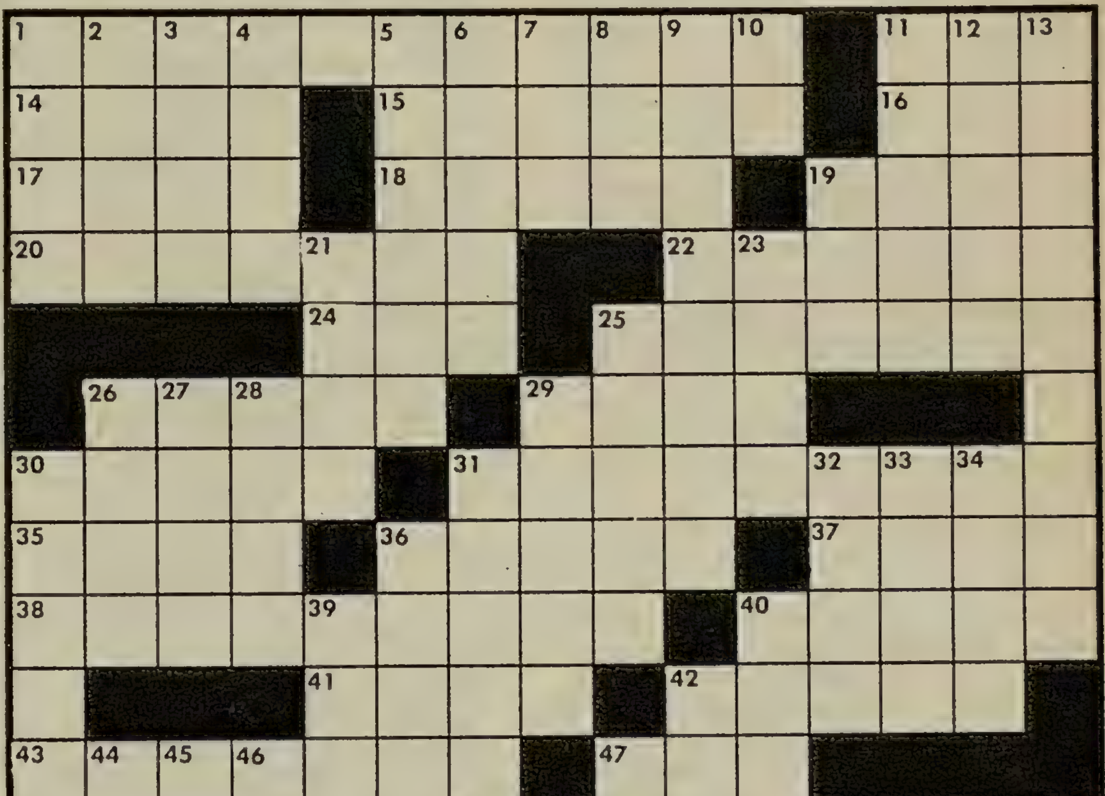
1 Ladeez and gentlemen, the winnah! Low man on a poll! (two words)
11 Elbategev rerehtag
14 An Italian yell
15 Medieval public-address system
16 Three letters that would bring joy to a black marketeer
17 What people will complain about after the housing problem's solved
18 It serfed them right—they didn't have a union
19 Costello runs this without Abbott's assistance
20 Medieval movie
22 Because of them, mothers lead a uniform existence
24 Mailbox University (abbr.)
25 Odd, isn't it?
26 Tricky, isn't it?
29 Its coat of arms: a buck and an eye on a field of Tafts
30 Every year is Leap Year for these homely things
31 Queen Mary of the Mississippi
35 Hodgepodge
36 The biggest man in Venus' life
37 Madam Rajah
38 Voted Most Likely To Recede in '49
40 Organized cacophony
41 Frost bucket
42 Pointsetters
43 What the Definite Woman usually does
47 Kind of brero
48 Drooling thing about the Xmas tree
49 Reasons why the sale of bicarbonate's so high in Mexico
54 Supporters of bunion pool
55 Did she ever get a fella?
58 Cut it out!
59 First woman not to wear the pants in the family
60 The Commie'll get him if we don't look out
61 Laughing, gay, ha-ha!
62 Tag that backfired
63 Bloomin' large things habout the haverage British 'ome

VERTICAL

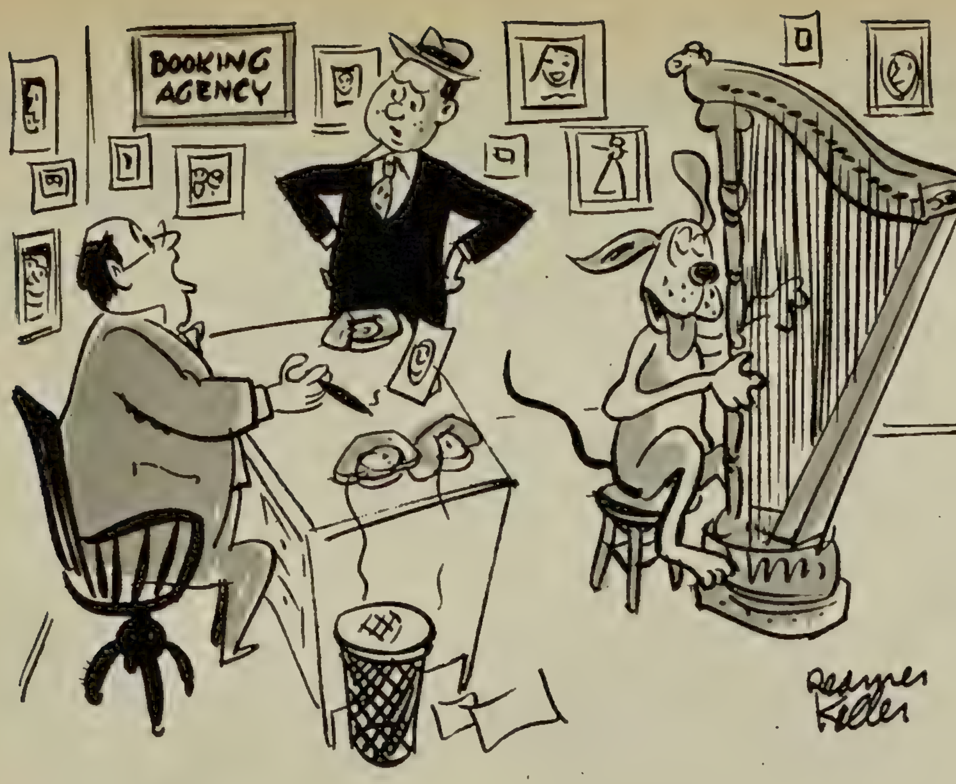
1 Overgrown ukulele
2 Large thing Mary Margaret McBride covers
3 MacTavish gave his girl one that tinkled and cost only fi'pence
4 It's perfectly fare—except for the RR.s (sez they!)
5 Whence's pard
6 Energy manufacturers
7 What many ash end to heaven in
8 East end of The West (who said she was a big bust?)
9 Former European football
10 State of the Union (abbr.)
11 His head is shaped like this: O
12 Monkeying around like a copycat
13 The league that Hamburg and Bremen used to play in
19 A big time
21 Assistants of sorts
23 Jitterbug session at a mental institution
25 What they do in a clip joint in Australia
26 Someone screaming by herself
27 Inexpensive remover for itches
28 Glittering lump o' clay
29 "He's the missing lynx?" "That's ——— nonsense!"
30 Had the most glamorous Kelly on his mind
31 Bill, the beast of Oliver Twist
32 Of wines, dry (Fr.)
33 Toast, with a piece broken off
34 North African parsley
36 Person who opens her mouth and puts her foot in it
39 Tacks collector
40 Mum's the word for these old-fashioned hams
42 Twelve-foot sparrow
44 Gabby Gertie's a human one—things enter her ears, run out of her mouth
45 This's scorny
46 Death Curve
47 Be on the up and up
50 Alight in the past
51 Unsublimated fiction writer
52 Female Dane (Shananagram)
53 What hair, dishes, and books come in
56 Lover's press agent and sass m'f'erer
57 Ali is all mixed up
60 Asses Anonymous (abbr.)

A	P	T	S	■	R	E	S	O	L	U	T	I	O	N
L	O	U	T	■	O	X	I	D	E	■	R	O	W	E
C	U	B	A	■	E	T	T	E	N	■	E	W	E	S
O	R	A	T	E	■	O	S	■	D	E	P	A	R	T
H	■	■	U	R	A	L	■	O	L	G	A	■	■	■
O	R	G	A	N	S	■	G	R	O	A	N	E	R	S
L	I	A	R	S	■	W	I	E	R	D	■	D	U	O
I	D	L	Y	■	S	A	L	A	D	■	R	I	S	K
C	G	E	■	W	O	R	L	D	■	F	A	T	S	O
S	E	S	S	I	O	N	S	■	T	I	N	S	E	L
■	■	■	A	N	T	S	■	R	O	T	C	■	■	O
R	E	P	U	S	H	■	B	O	■	S	H	R	E	W
A	L	E	C	■	E	V	A	D	E	■	E	A	N	S
I	S	E	E	■	R	I	L	E	R	■	R	I	N	K
D	E	P	R	E	S	S	I	O	N	■	S	L	A	Y

January Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.



LIBERTY

"What else can he play besides trees?"

Squaw Creek, through alders and willows thrusting barren and skeletal out of the deep snow.

By midmorning they reached the first "course" on Boulder Meadow. They located the near marker jutting up from the snow, and from it they sighted to the far marker, some eighteen hundred feet away. Then measuring fifty feet with a tape, they located their first sampling site.

Southern Power operated a string of seven reservoirs and hydroelectric stations through the Big Rock watershed of the Sierra Nevadas. Laid out at strategic points in this area was a series of snow courses. Annually, during this week of April first, the company sent a team of surveyors to sample these courses. At this date most of the seasonal snow had fallen and not yet started to melt. So the surveyors were able to measure the full amount of snow laid down over the winter.

■ This knowledge was of vital importance to Southern Power. If you knew the water content of the snow on the mountains, you could foretell how much water would melt off in the spring to be caught behind your dams. You could calculate, months in advance, just how much electric current your powerhouses would be able to generate. And if the total were less than your customers needed, you could contract for fuel oil for your steam plants, and you could contract to buy additional current from neighboring power companies. You *had* to know in advance or run the danger that when you needed extra current your neighboring companies might have no power to sell you.

From his pack John took the thirty-inch lengths of duralumin tubing and screwed them together to make a pipe twelve and a half feet long. Gunnar Larssen opened a field notebook to record the data.

"Go ahead, take a sample," he told John.

John thrust the tube into the snow and drove it on through toward the ground. The tube hit a layer of ice and stopped.

"Don't stop," Gunnar snapped. "That clogs the cutter."

John pushed the tube on through to the ground.

"And don't plunge it," Gunnar added sharply. "That packs the snow and clogs the tube."

John looked levelly at him.

"I haven't done this for three years," John said.

"Take an inch of dirt to plug the tube so you won't lose any snow," Gunnar directed. "All right, let's weigh it."

John drew the tube up out of the snow. Numbered slots in the side showed that the tubing contained a hundred and four inches of snow.

Gunnar had hung the thong of the weighing balance around his neck, and John laid the tube across the cradle.

"Did you clean out that plug of dirt?" Gunnar demanded.

John took up the tube again and cleaned the plug of dirt from the end.

Then, replacing the tube in the weighing cradle, he said, "One man could do this job. The company always sends a team because sometimes emergencies come up. It's plain common sense for those men to keep on good terms with each other. I'm trying hard. But if you make any more cracks in that tone of voice, I'm going to wrap this sampler around your neck and tie a bowknot in it."

As if he had not heard, Gunnar said, "Swing the sampler end into the wind, will you?"

John's lips tightened but he obeyed. Gunnar took the reading.

"Ninety-six ounces. O.K. Empty the sampler."

Gunnar made notations on his pad. Weight of the empty sampler was thirty ounces. Ninety-six ounces minus thirty ounces equaled sixty-six ounces, the weight of the snow within the tube. Since the tubing was exactly 1.485 inches in inner diameter, one ounce of snow within it was equivalent to one inch of water depth when that snow melted. On this snow course the snow was a hundred and four inches deep and would melt down to sixty-six inches of water.

John tilted the sampler and hit the side of it with a ski pole to jar the snow out.

"Don't you know that will dent the tube and throw off our measurements!" Gunnar lashed out at him. "Just tamp the end of the tube on your ski."

John crimsoned but obeyed without a word.

From this site they measured fifty feet, again in line with the markers. Gunnar took over the job of sampling. On across the course they went, taking a core every fifty feet. When they finished, they ate lunch. Then they headed for the course on Condor Flat, skiing through a forest of fir trees that were solid cones of snow. Here and there a tree had caught too heavy a load and, brittle with cold, had split and fallen over, leaving jagged stubs like fractured leg bones.

When they found the Condor markers, John said, "All right, I'll take cores again."

But the first time he drove the tube down, he hit "corky" snow and the sampler clogged and stopped. Flushing, he pulled the tube out, cleaned it, and tried again. And again the tube stopped.

"Try the driving wrench," Gunnar said.

"No. I think it'd be smart to tickle the tube through."

"I said clamp on the driving wrench!"

"You," John answered quietly, "can go to hell."

Gunnar flung his memo pad onto the snow, slipped off his mackinaw and unfastened his skis, and straightened, fists clenched.

"Keep your head, man!" John said sharply.

■ The snow was firm and Gunnar lunged at John and struck. His fist whipped past John's ear as John ducked. John caught Gunnar's arm, turned and twisted and heaved and sent Gunnar flying over his shoulder into the snow. Gunnar struggled out of the snow and got to his knees. John stepped in close and hit him, once, on the point of the jaw, and Gunnar sprawled flat, senseless.

John "tickled" the sampler through the crystalline snow, taking ten minutes for the job. By the time he withdrew the tube with a satisfactory core, Gunnar was sitting up.

"I know," John said. "That was a dirty commando trick."

"I'm going to kill you."

"No, you're not. I don't know what's eating you, Gunnar, but you're going to wait until we finish this survey. The minute we get back to the highway, I'll take off my coat and I won't use any dirty commando tricks. But, meanwhile, we've got a job to do. Understand?"

Gunnar got to his feet. He said nothing.

"Damn it, Gunnar, we used to be pals. What's wrong?"

Gunnar did not answer; just picked up the balance and got busy weighing the sampler.

It was late by the time they finished. They did not reach the shelter cabin at Rock Creek until sundown.

Smoke was coming from the chimney. It was good, John thought, to see a light in the window. It was good to see a slim girl in the doorway, waving. It was like coming home.

"Hungry?" Mary asked, smiling.

John grinned rapturously at her. "I smell meat pie. *Your* kind. Honey, you're an angel! You're a miracle. You're a thing of beauty and a joy forever!"

Gunnar was silently removing his skis.

Mary looked at him, at his glowering face, at his bruised jaw. Her lovely eyes sobered with realization.

Low-voiced, she said, "Sometimes it's enough to have two people on a survey team. Other times it's better to have three. I'm going to stay with you two for the rest of this patrol."

Gunnar looked sharply at her.

"That's not necessary!"

"I think you've made it necessary."

He flushed hot.

"But a girl—it's irregular!"

"There's nobody around to be outraged, Gunnar. Anyway, I'm still not quite divorced from John. Come in now. Supper's ready."

Questions rushed to John's lips, but he wisely checked them. There was something here he did not know about.

Presently they sat down. Gunnar ate stolidly, hot color in his lean cheeks, never looking at John. Mary's poise was unbroken, but there was a heaviness within her that stifled her animation. She made talk, her fine low voice calm and controlled. Southern Power was planning big construction, new reservoirs, new power installations. John was coming in on a lot of expansion. She told him of people they both knew, of marriages and children. She was being tactful, he realized; she was keeping a decent and civilized restraint upon them all.

■ Not until Gunnar went out to bring firewood from the lean-to did John have a chance to blurt his questions.

"Gunnar's on the rampage. What's the matter?"

For a moment her self-control broke and her lips trembled.

"John, you shouldn't have come on this survey."

"Why not?" His voice was harsh.

"It's been three years since—you left. Three years. I've had to remake my life. John, in two months our divorce will be final. I'm going to marry Gunnar."

He sat there, unable to talk or think. It hit him like a physical blow, paralyzing in its unexpected force, that knotted his throat so that he could not breathe, that jarred his mind so that he could not think beyond the one stunning fact. He sat there, looking at her, the blood drained from his face, his dark eyes stark with shock and pain.

"You love him?"

She made a little gesture with her hands.

"Yes. It's—not what we had, John. But it's deep and it's real."

"You're right," he said heavily. "I shouldn't have come on this survey!"

She turned to the stove for the coffee pot as Gunnar re-entered. In John surged a wild rush of fury. He checked it, though his fists shook on his lap with the effort. He was feeling, he realized, what Gunnar had been feeling all day.

■ The sky was leaden and the wind blew in howling gusts next morning as they herringboned up Rock Creek Canyon and onto Cedar Flats, and through parklike stretches of timber that were surprisingly green. For the pliant cedars bent under the weight of snow until they shook off their white mantles, and the yellow pines had thin needles that gave the flakes no purchase to build upon.

They moved along in single file. John watched Mary. After a sleepless night, his emotions were like raw wounds open to bruising. His feeling of loss swept over him in waves of sick anguish. It made for poor skiing. Once he caught an edge, from forgetting to keep his knees together, and flipped over onto his face; and then he let his ski tips cross and fell again. In a way, he welcomed the abrupt shake-ups: they helped to jar him out of a trancelike emotional shock. And he did keep up with the steady pace that Gunnar was setting. On a survey patrol it was axiomatic that you indulged in no horseplay, no fast schussing, and no jumping. Skiing was a strict business of getting from one place to another *safely.* Mary had no trouble; she was a better skier than either of them.

It was snowing by the time they reached Wilson Meadows.

Here the course was in an area of deep snowfall. Gunnar added lengths to extend the sampling tube to twenty feet. Taking measurements now meant taking *two* cores at each site, through layers of differing types of snow. Gunnar did most of the job, and it was slow work.

They finished in midafternoon, and started on toward Cabin No. 3 at Hanging Rock. They reached it at dusk.

The snow stood to the eaves of the log house. A surveyor liked that: it meant lots of water in the spring. But John noticed that the trap door in the roof of the cabin was wide open, and the wind was whirling grains of snow inside it.

"That's odd," Mary said.

John climbed down the ladder and Mary and Gunnar followed. Inside, it was dark and cold.

"We'll warm up quick," John said reassuringly, as he lit the oil lamp, "once we get a fire in the stove."

It was then Mary screamed.

"John! Gunnar! *Look!*"

She was pointing to the lower bunk in the west wall.

Someone was lying in that bunk. A young woman was lying there, a pretty young woman. She had dark hair and a tiptilted nose and full-lipped mouth and generous figure. She had clutched blankets up over her, but they had halfway slipped off. She was wearing a tweed coat with a fur collar and a gray gabardine suit and suède gloves, and a string of pearls about her throat. Her clothes were obviously expensive, but they were torn and mussed. One side of her face was a mass of bruises, and at her right temple her hair was clotted with blood. She lay staring at

LITTLE LULU

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Marge

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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the ceiling with wide-open eyes, and she did not speak or move.

John put his hand on her shoulder to shake her, and stepped back quickly. Mary caught a sharp breath. Gunnar swore softly. They stood there, just looking. They all knew. The young woman was dead.

■ "She was the one who asked for help over the telephone—"

"Yes, Mary."

"She was crying and asking for help—"

"Mary, take it easy."

"Where has she come from? What happened? What killed her?"

Mary could not keep the shrill note from her voice.

"She sure ain't dressed for deep snow," Gunnar said slowly. "Dressed like that, cold and exposure would kill you."

"But look at her! She was dreadfully hurt!"

John drew Mary over to a chair, made her sit down, and took a blanket from another bunk and fitted it about her.

"Mary, we'll move the girl up into the attic. Gunnar will phone Slim Allen at Fremont Lake to send a party in by dog team to get her. That's all we can do. We've *got* to finish our survey."

She nodded. Then she started crying, silently. John turned away. It was almost more than he could stand. He knew how Mary cried: not a sob passing her lips, but inwardly racked with such suffering that he could not bear to look at her. His impulse was to take her into his arms. But the right to comfort her was no longer his. . . .

Gunnar helped him wrap the dead girl in a blanket and place her in the attic. John's mystification deepened. He wondered if Gunnar had noticed the bruises about the young woman's throat. They looked, almost, as if they had been made by fingers.

■ John insisted that they needed to eat, and he doggedly set an example. But Mary simply could not. She did drink cup after cup of hot tea. Then he got aspirin tablets from the first-aid kit and made her take two. When they went to their bunks, he did not put the lamp out, but left it burning low. Mary thanked him silently with her eyes. Gunnar, meanwhile, phoned Slim Allen at Fremont Lake.

Where could the dead girl have come from? His mind a welter of surmise, John finally dozed off into sleep.

They left the cabin at the first crack of dawn next morning, as if they could not leave it quickly enough. John studied the snow as they headed for Alpine Meadows. The dead girl had had no skis. She couldn't have come far, floundering through the deep drifts. But fresh snow, driven by wind, had obliterated any signs he might have found.

For several miles their route lay through a heavy stand of tamaracks, bent under their burden of snow until the loads were dislodged by their own weight and the trees would straighten up with a flourish. The rustle of these miniature snowfalls was a weird and constant whisper.

They emerged from the woods at a defile which led them down into the great glacial canyon of Whitewater River. And at first glimpse into the tremendous gorge, they instinctively stopped, to stand and gaze at the icy cliffs and granite slopes.

The trail led onto a broad ledge that slanted along the north wall of the canyon. Gunnar went on again.

It was John who first sighted the thing.

Jutting from the snow, against the wall of the ledge, he noticed an oar-shaped blade of metal. He stopped, frowning. Then abruptly he veered toward the object. Mary saw him and called to Gunnar, and they both stopped, watching. Gunnar scowled.

John reached the metal object and started digging around it.

"Come on, Bailey," Gunnar called. "We've got a job to do!"

"You come on," John retorted. "Come look at this."

He had fully uncovered the metal object. It was the blade of a propeller. Digging deeper, he exposed the swell of an engine cowling and the jumbled cylinders of an airplane motor.

Mary said, "That girl was in a plane, and it crashed!"

John nodded. "So I've been thinking. It seemed obvious."

■ He studied the slope of canyon and abruptly started climbing, for a snow-covered hump projected from the drifts a hundred yards farther on. And that hump, when John brushed snow from it, proved to be another engine nacelle. John looked at Mary and Gunnar.

"That plane scattered pieces of itself all down the canyon. Must've happened some days ago, and these last snowfalls covered the wreckage so that search planes didn't locate it."

"But, John, if that girl survived—"

"There may be other survivors!" he said emphatically.

They stared down into the depths of the gorge. For a thousand feet the wall was very steep, then it rounded into a jumble of ravines, choked with huge boulders and overgrown with chaparral and hemlocks and tamaracks that sluiced a thousand feet deeper into the rock-tangled riverbed. No plane wreckage was visible. But in that maze a dozen planes could shatter themselves and be lost to view under the new-fallen snow.

Abruptly John said, "Mary, stay on the ledge. Come on, Gunnar."

Carefully they worked their way down the canyon wall—to a big boulder jutting from the steep wall. Only it wasn't a boulder. Scraping snow aside, John and Gunnar found the cockpit of a transport plane broken off from the fuselage and so crumpled that the frozen bodies of the pilot and co-pilot within it would have to be removed with a blowtorch and metal shears.

Heavy-hearted, John and Gunnar returned to the ledge trail.

"Nobody down there we can help," John told Mary.

"But if there was one survivor, there may be others!"

"Not any more," Gunnar said. "I mean, they weren't outfitted to live in this snow."

"But we'll keep looking," John said. "Soon's we get to a phone again, we'll notify the nearest sheriff's office of the crash."

"I can't help thinking of that girl." Mary's voice broke. "Climbing out of that wreckage, hurt, and finding herself alone—"

"Maybe there *are* others, and they went up-canyon," John said.

They climbed on toward the summit of the gorge. Their trail turned into a tributary canyon that led sharply to the tableland above. Here the walls were so steep that snow could barely cling; and here the dazzling white drifts were curiously mottled with areas of rosy color, patches of the pink microflora, *Protococcus nivalis*. Here Gunnar turned and raised a hand in a cautioning gesture, and John and Mary moved carefully on their skis. For here, on this dizzying slope, a sudden noise, a low word, or even a slight jar upon the surface of the snow would be sufficient to start a disastrous slide.

■ The sound, when it came, was so startling and unexpected that for a moment, John could not credit his ears. It was a harsh *cr-a-ack*.

At first John thought it was the report of a section of "wind slab" breaking from the wall of snow. But then he realized that Gunnar had staggered back, and that the sound was the all too familiar explosion of a heavy-caliber pistol.

Then panic drove all coherent thought from his mind. He lunged toward Mary even as he shouted "Come back!" to her. But already it was too late for retreat, too late to save themselves. Already the snow beneath their feet was in motion.

The light crust on the surface broke into fragments, and John felt himself flung headlong into churning depths as the slide swept down the slope. His throat swelled in a wild yell as he twisted around, as he threshed to keep his head above the clammy stuff, to keep Mary in sight. But he could see nothing but a white smother, he could hear nothing but the rumble swelling into deafening thunder, he could feel only the sickening heart-choking rush and swoop of the breaker of snow plunging toward the boulder-strewn canyon floor. He had visions of being smashed against rocks, of his back being broken against a tree trunk. And he was helpless to do anything but cover his face with his hands as the slide swept on down, down, in a roaring chaos of white darkness and deathly cold.

The motion eased, momentum eased and came to an abrupt stop with an odd *cre-a-aking* sound. Everything was still, dark, cold, oppressive. He opened his eyes and peered through his fingers. He was in the snow, covered over, but apparently near the surface, for he could see light.

He started to move, but could not. Again he tried; in vain. Then terror seared his brain. He could not move. *He could not move!*

His first thought was of paralysis. But he could clench his fingers shut; he could arch his back; he could feel the thrust of his knees when he tried to straighten his legs, though he could not straighten them. Abruptly he understood what had happened: at the bottom of the slide, the great weight and pressure of the snow behind had *compacted* this front of the avalanche—compacted it the way you press a handful of snow into an ice ball between the squeezing palms of your hands; compacted it so that he was held immovably, imprisoned, and helpless.

"Mary!" he shouted. "Gunnar!"

"John, I'm near you—"

"Are you all right, Mary?"

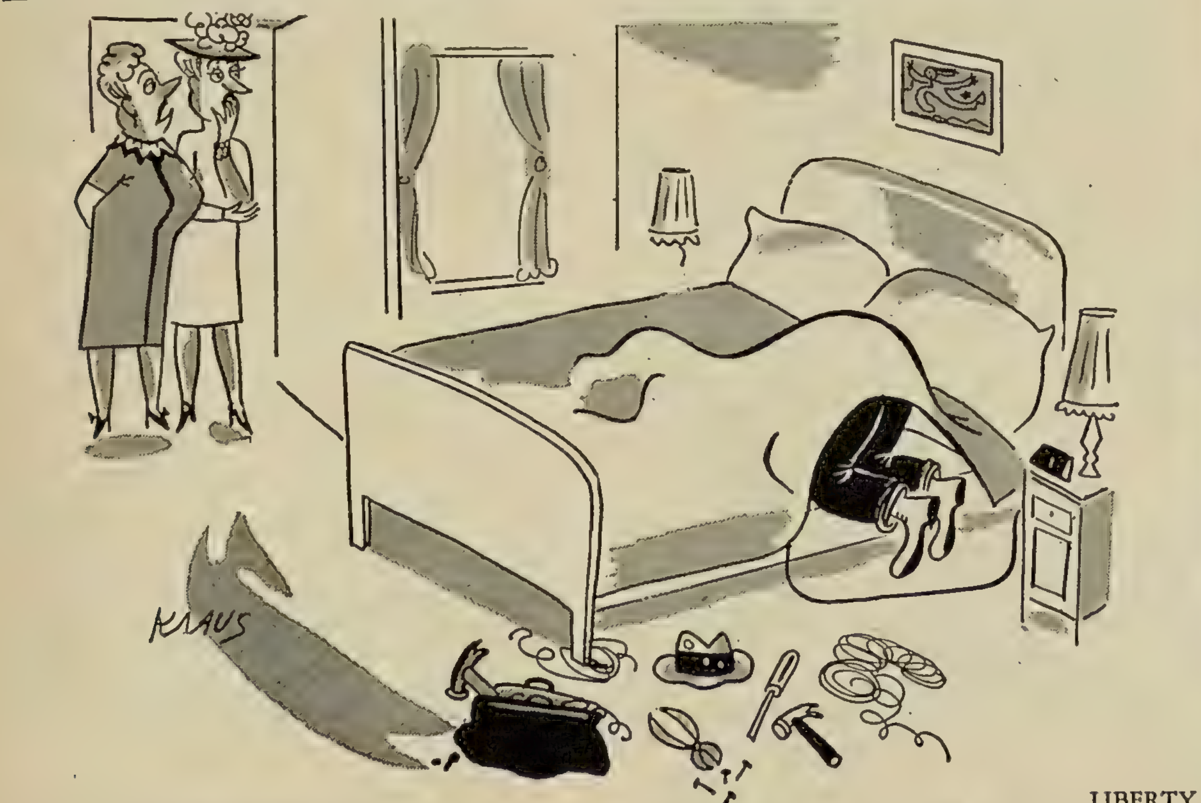
"I'm twisted sideways and I'm kind of battered up, and—John, I c-can't see! I can't move!"

"We'll get you out, Mary. Oh, Gunnar! *Gunnar!*"

From Gunnar there came no answer. And John realized that maybe Gunnar Larssen lay crumpled with a broken neck. Then John remembered the shot. He had seen Gunnar stagger. Maybe Gunnar lay dead with a bullet through his heart. Again John called, wildly. But he got no answer, he got no answer at all.

———

To be concluded in the next issue.



LIBERTY

"It's the repair man from the electric-blanket company. We've been having a little trouble lately."

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I WAS A SOVIET SLAVE GIRL

Continued from Page 9

accused of a political crime and almost anybody who was intelligent and capable of independent thought were arrested.

I had been a law student at the University of Lwow and knew the Russian language. This was enough to make me, in the minds of the Russian secret police (NKVD), an enemy of the Russian people.

The NKVD tortured me in a fruitless effort to make me confess crimes of which I had no knowledge. I passed my twenty-fifth birthday in prison, not knowing what had happened to my parents or my fiancé. Finally I was handed a slip of paper on which I read that the Special Collegium of the NKVD in Moscow had sentenced me, as a socially dangerous element, to three years at corrective labor camps in the region of Potma, a few hundred miles east of Moscow. There was no trial.

Fortunately my three-year sentence was cut short. This was not because of any Russian compassion. It was simply that in 1941, after Germany attacked Russia, Stalin saw that he could not depend on the help of mistreated Poles on his eastern front, and he was forced to make a treaty with the exiled Polish government in London. All Polish prisoners were liberated, and formation of a Polish army within Russia's borders was permitted.

I managed to join the Polish army in the equivalent of the WAC, and went with it to Iran. Thence I made my way to London and New York.

So far as I know, I am the only woman now in the United States who has been a Russian slave. There probably are a number of men in this country who were prisoners, but I have met only one.

■ I lived with my parents in the town of Stryj, and when the Russian invaders came, a political commissar, or *politruk*, was quartered at our house. I remember that he once accused my family of sabotage because whenever he pulled the chain the water flowed out of what he thought was the washbowl. Four months after his arrival I moved to the little village of Rozanka Wyzna, a skiing resort. Although people were being arrested right and left in our home town, I thought that here I should go unnoticed.

One night in February, 1940, three soldiers with police dogs broke down the door of the cottage where I was staying and forced me to dress and go with them. It was fortunate that I put on my warm ski clothes. After much argument, they let me take my fur coat.

The Russians marched me for a day with nothing to eat. When I asked to dry my ski boots at a stove that night, a soldier put them into the oven over my protests, and the next morning they hammered the shrunken boots onto my feet with a log. I was forced to walk in torture until the blood poured over the boot tops, which convinced the men I could go no farther on foot.

LIBERTY

"If you'd started packing when I told you to, you'd have had time to reopen your bag!"

Still inside the Polish border, I was introduced at a concentration camp to the vermin, filth, hunger, and cold of Russian prisons. Although it seems impossible, a woman can get used to such things as the complete absence of toilet facilities—to crouching in the snow while a Russian soldier stands over her.

One day 40 of us were sent by truck to the freight yard in Stryj, the town in which I had spent a happy childhood. "Get down, you Polish bitches!" shouted the guards, and forced all of us into a boxcar. There was a stove but no proper fuel and no matches. A small hole cut in the floor was our latrine. There was a small window high on each side of the car, but one of them had no panes. At noon each day we got 14 ounces of bread and a lump of sugar each; every other day we got a piece of what looked like sausage but was unfit for human consumption. We were on that train 18 days and traveled only 150 miles.

At a prison in Zhitomir, Russia, where the train stopped, we saw our first Russian women guards. They were coarse looking, with heavily painted lips and nails. While men watched, they forced us to undress and took away all bits of metal and all our valuables. We were amused at the astonishment the Russian women displayed at such a simple thing as a garter belt. The guards took our devotional articles and trampled them on the floor. I managed to save a medal of the Virgin Mary which my mother had given me, by sticking it in a piece of bread.

I had many encounters with the NKVD, but it was in Zhitomir that they worked me over most thoroughly. In attempts to make me confess that I was a spy and an enemy of the Russian people, a sour-faced NKVD officer beat me over the fingers with a metal-edged ruler, forced me to stand for hours near the wall (but I was not permitted to lean against it), and also made me balance on a tiny two-legged stool. Whenever I fell over, a guard prodded me up with a gun butt. Finally, near morning, I fell off the stool and couldn't get up again. This interrogation continued every other night for three weeks. I was not permitted to recover by sleeping during the daytime. That was against the rules.

The NKVD have a curious way of denying facts. Fifty women in a large cell went on hunger strike, their only way of getting the warden's notice, and I acted as spokesman because I knew Russian. I was taken before the dour NKVD officer, who ranted at me as usual. I said we only wanted to know whether we were going to be kept in prison the rest of our lives. "There are no prisons in Russia. Understand?" he shouted.

I lost my temper at that, and he ordered me put in solitary for 20 days. I was pushed into an icy cell in my underwear. The floor was filthy earth, and the only piece of furniture was the inevitable and foul *parasha*, or toilet bowl, a feature of every Russian cell. I knew I would not last 20 days, and refused the daily slice of bread and cup of water. Soon I was released, but it turned out the reason was not mercy for me, but the fact that the 50 women for whom I had been spokesman had gone on hunger strike. There weren't enough solitary cells to punish all 50.

What the Russians never discovered was that I had guided many an important Polish army officer and official over the border into Hungary—85 persons in all. My vacation skiing had taught me every foot of the Carpathian Mountains in that area. The NKVD repeatedly accused me of everything except that service to the Polish underground. My sentence to forced labor was therefore based, as so many were, on vague mistrust of any educated person.

■ My experience with the corrective labor camps began at D.O.K. 7 in the Mordovian Soviet Socialist Republic, a "factory of cultural articles of universal demand." These articles were women's handbags covered with wooden beads; wooden toys, and hand-painted boxes and cups. With other Polish girls, I worked 12 hours a day at crude drill presses, turning out wooden duck heads. The "norm," or daily quota, was fixed at 80, and I was able to do about 10 that passed inspection. Others were supposed to make 3,000 beads in a 12-hour shift. The norms, on which the food rations were based, were always impossible to reach. The bead norm was even raised to the fantastic figure of 10,000! A male prisoner told me that at another camp the norm for a worker (who received no lunch) was to shovel 23 tons of gravel onto a high wagon.

My daily ration at this time was 14 ounces of heavy sticky bread, supplemented by unpalatable soya-bean soup three times a day. A girl with whom I divided rations did somewhat better—21 ounces of bread plus the soup and sometimes a spoonful or two of soya paste, oatmeal or buckwheat for lunch and supper.

In our barracks we slept on bare bunks, for there were no mattresses or bedclothes. We kept our few possessions in dirty improvised sacks that served as pillows at night.

An important feature in our life was the *uborna*, or latrine, which had backwoods accommodations for 20 persons and was supposed to care for 400 women. It meant long and painful standing in line, but it was superior to the two boards thrown over a ditch that had served us at first. It was the source of our news and gossip. It also provided, I am sorry to say, a rendezvous for women who had decided to take lovers among the men prisoners who would give them food.

Some Russian women made a practice of getting pregnant, without any sentimental attachment for the man, so that in the ninth month they would be assigned lighter work and somewhat better food. After the baby was born, the mother was transferred to another camp and still had light work. At the end of a year the child was taken away to become a ward of the state and the mother was sent to still a third camp. Here she often looked around for another "camp husband." A nurse told me some women had as many as five children by different husbands.

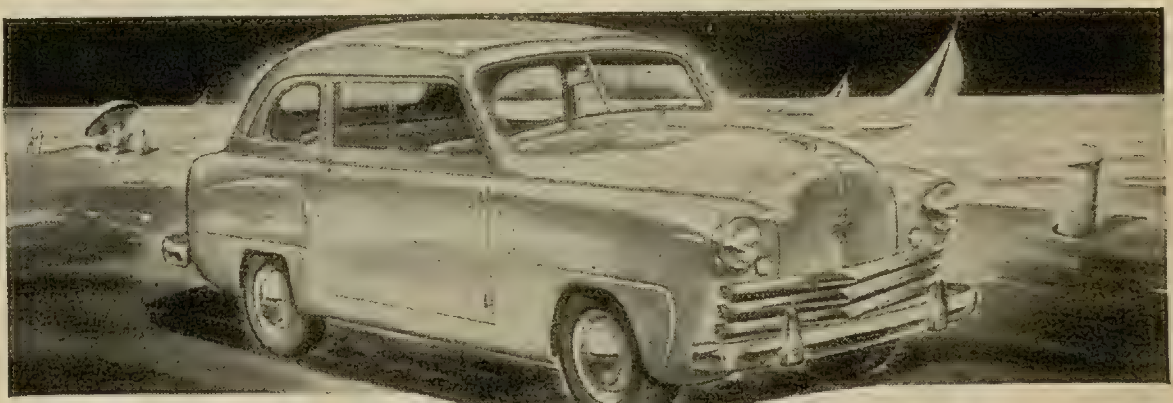
In Russian jails en route to the camp our infrequent baths (often two months apart) had been taken in the presence of male guards, who favored us with coarse remarks about our figures. At the same time our clothes were taken away for an ineffectual "delousing," which shrank them without killing the vermin.

My worst experience came when we were given our first bath at D.O.K. 7. Four soldiers were escorting a large group to the bathhouse when the yard began to fill with Russian prisoners—dirty, ragged, wild-looking men who set after us. "Catch the women one by one, and take them to the barracks!" one of the creatures yelled. With the aid of the camp police, the guards got us into the bathhouse and beat them off.

Two male prisoners worked in the bathhouse, but a guard kept an eye on them. We each were handed a sliver of claylike material passing for soap and a chemical was poured over our heads, supposed to kill lice. It did not kill the vermin but did cause our hair to come out later in handfuls. Each of us was given a small wooden portable tub, slimy from the use of thousands of prisoners, and warm water.

One of these baths put me in the hospital. The hospital was a place where every prisoner wanted to go, because it meant a rest and better food, but none was admitted unless he had a fever of 100.4. A woman with heart trouble was refused admittance, for instance, because she had no fever. "If you kick off," said the NKVD doctor, "it's okay with us."

My ankles and hands were swollen. I had felt dizzy and ill for weeks, and could not shake off a cold; but I would never have got any treatment if exposure after the warm bath had not given me the required 100.4 fever. A good-natured Russian nurse in the hospital took our temperatures three times a day. She would place the thermometer under a patient's arm,



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read it, wipe it on her sleeve, shake it down, and go on to the next, with never a thought of disinfecting it.

The hospital was not luxurious. It had double-deck bunks, like our barracks, but there were straw mattresses. The bunks had no boards at the side, but miraculously nobody fell off. There were no bedpans, so even the sickest had to go to the *uborna.* There were plenty of bedbugs, and another girl and I amused ourselves by killing them on the whitewashed wall so they formed a futuristic design.

The good-natured nurse, Xenya, sneezed one day, spattering a patient. Then I was astonished to see her blow her nose into the air. She admitted she had never possessed a handkerchief in her life.

The only form of treatment Xenya could give any of us was cupping. Thirty-five glasses were rubbed with alcohol inside; the alcohol was lighted, and then the glasses were clapped on the patient's bare skin. Xenya cupped me for a week, one day on my back and the next on my chest. Eventually it drew the congestion from my chest, my fever went below 100.4, and I was sent back to the barracks and hard labor. We were always hungry, and in winter we were always cold, for our clothes were tatters and there was no adequate heat.

The wooden duck heads we made at D.O.K. 7 were sprayed with paint and mounted on toys that fell apart as soon as the damp wood dried, so that most of them were never shipped out. But I am sure they went into statistics that redounded to the credit of the commandant.

Without explanation I was transferred, with several other girls, to Corrective Labor Camp 19-A, occupied mostly by Russian women sentenced for political reasons. Here I was assigned to building new barracks, a job for which my law studies had prepared me no better than they had for carving duck heads.

Many of the women in Camp 19-A were well educated, the wives of professional men who had been liquidated or imprisoned in the purge
1937. They had been held for fo
years without any formal charg
and without hope of release. Th
did not know the fate of their hu
bands or their children. To esca
from reality, at least half of tho
in our barrack engaged in unnat
ral liaisons with one another.
this unpleasant picture was add
the arrival of 200 *malolekti,* most
thieves and prostitutes. They terro
ized the other prisoners and we
too tough even for the NKVD, who
they defied in a demand for transf
to camps where there were men.

■ Fellow prisoners told me tales th
convinced me conditions in oth
Russian camps were worse than
ours. From surviving Poles at Buzu
luk I heard of emaciated men dyi
as they built a railroad in the nort
along the Pechora River—amo
them my fiancé. A guard maliciousl
broke his glasses. Another stole h
shoes, and he was forced to wal
barefoot to work in the snow.

The present slave labor system i
Russia—called GULAG, from the in
tials of Russian words meaning pen
labor camps—has more than 14,000
000 prisoners, scattered throug
scores of wretched colonies. GULA
is a division of MVD, the Ministry
the Interior, formerly called NKV
Some of the prisoners are criminal
Others are political prisoners. A po
litical crime bringing banishment
a slave camp might consist merely
corresponding with a sister in Bel
gium on family matters.

One of the "criminals" gave me
message for the world when I wa
finally released from 19-A. His of
fense had been taking blank pape
from a government office so his so
could try to write the great Russia
novel. "If you get out of Russia," h
said, "tell the people outside how w
live here. Tell them that even if w
are demoralized, it's not our fault
We are not really a bad sort. We hav
no hope for ourselves, but maybe th
world can save our children. Don'
forget us." ■

Ed Nofziger

THE FASTEST LAP IN LAPLAND

Continued from Page 14

and said, "Old chap, it's sad but true —I left the map!"

"Don't tell me, Pate," I sickly grinned, "we're at the mercy of the wind?"

"Yes, sir," he sighed, a little paler; "your name is now Sinbad the Sailor. While we were wrestling with the brew, God only knows how far we flew. In fact, my friend, yon distant knoll, for aught I know, may be the Pole. Our only guide here is a book on polar trips by Doctor Cook, who never saw a real good freeze. He got cold feet at ten degrees."

Now, right here let me stress the fact that this world is a boundless tract. From looking at the wide terrain we might have been in Greece or Spain, Australia, France, or close to home—or inside Pate's great vacant dome. We might have thought the place Brazil, had not a sudden burst of chill made Terry scream out with despair, "My kingdom for fur underwear!"

"Ye gods!" I cried. "It's two degrees—and me here in my B. V. D.'s. There's only one thing I can find that you forgot to leave behind. Uncork that batch of rye and gin and chase these goose bumps from my skin."

That bolstered up our nerves a notch. Then Terry said he'd take the watch. The Midnight Sun went slowly down on our rash scheme to win renown. A cold wind soon began to blow. First came the sleet. Then came the snow. I could not sleep. I rolled and tossed. My adenoids were caked with frost. I clicked my teeth and shook my knees. My coughs were followed by a sneeze. Icicles hung in stately rows from both sides of my frozen nose, and all the rye that filled my craw was not enough to make me thaw. Hoarfrost was forming on my side when Terry turned around and cried:

"Eight bells, my lad, and all's not well! Polecat ahoy! I catch the smell. Methinks we've played a fatal rôle—for we have drifted to the Pole."

"Horsefeathers!" said I. "That's the bunk. The Arctic never saw a skunk."

"Well, I see something far below—it's two queer shapes upon the snow. Ye gods! They must be pink hyenas! I've had too many tonsil cleaners."

■ I then took out the telescope and gazed below to learn the dope. I saw two shining upturned faces—two pretty girls with luring graces. Terry Pate then took a look. He yelled:

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wrong—and nights up here are six months long!”

I argued with the mad galoot, but still he donned his parachute. So, rather than be left behind, I said, “I'll jump; I am resigned.”

We each picked up a case of rye and boldly stepped upon the sky. The rip cords worked. The chutes spread out. I landed on my chronic gout, and saw more stars and colored sights than ever were in Northern Lights.

We came down near a small snow hut. The entrance was a tiny rut. The two Lapp girls that we had spied had seen us fall and gone inside.

Our campaign plans were then rehearsed, and Pate said he would crawl in first. I did not have so long to wait, for I was soon rejoined by Pate.

“Whoopee!” he whispered in my ear. “It may be cold, but spring is here! I want to do the flower dance. I hear the whisper of romance. If King Ben saw those two cute Lapps, he'd sure crawl from his funeral wraps, and justify the folks who said that he would rise up from the dead. They'd make a blind man wink his eye. Let's go on in, and take the rye.”

So in we crawled. And Pate was right. Inside by the blubber light the two young girls in snow white coats would make Methuselah sow wild oats. They had dark eyes and soft black hair; clothes made from the polar bear; complexions of a light tan hue; and lips that spelled our Waterloo.

■ Judging by their sparkling eyes, our visit proved a nice surprise. They thought us angels from the sky. We looked the part—weighed down with rye. We set the booze upon the floor, and Terry said, with smiles galore:

“I gather from your arctic wraps that you two girls are local Lapps. My name is Mr. Terry Pate. Gus Travis, here, I'd like to state, is my companion on a trip through Lapland in a big airship. We mean no harm. We're frozen pink. Will you two join us in a drink?”

“Iglu-glu!” they cried with glee.

“By gosh,” said Pate, “I'm up a tree! That may mean yes—it may mean no. I don't quite get this Eskimo.”

“I knew,” I sighed in deep despair, “there was a catch in this somewhere! I might as well go take a walk—for I don't know this Lapland talk.”

“You do not have to strain a lung—booze speaks a universal tongue,” was Terry Pate's astute retort, as he uncorked a handy quart.

The Lapp girls lapped it up with vim. They nigh bit off the bottle rim. After several drinks were downed, the party picked up with a bound. The girls then brought us two fur frocks and two warm pairs of sealskin socks. They helped us in, then got some thread and sewed us up from foot to head.

I then recalled that Eskimos were seldom known to change their clothes; and Pate, who knew this to be true, exclaimed: “This makes me pretty blue. The party will be stale, I guess, with me sewed in a one-piece dress.”

But things had not a chance to drag, for we began a game of tag, and ran the girls all round the place. At one point in the ribald chase Pate's partner had a slight mishap. She slipped and fell into his lap.

“This proves,” said Pate, with great delight, “that we're in Lapland now, all right!”

But Terry's humor stopped at that. The “drift” on which the two had sat awoke with roars that rent the air. Their nice seat was a polar bear! The startled beast, keen for a meal, thought Terry was an arctic seal, and when he smelled the sealskin boot he bit the seat from Pate's fur suit.

Then Pate went fluttering down the hill, his rear end freezing in the chill, first upside down, hind part before, then right side up and down once more. At last the steep descent was made. He landed on his shoulder blade, and cried, “I couldn't help but flutter! The damn bear bit me on the rudder!”

I rushed him back into the hut to patch the hole the bear had cut. The needle slipped a bit, I fear. I took two stitches in his rear. Pate must have thought the bear was back, for out he scrambled from the shack. He no doubt would have reached the Pole had not his quick start from the knoll caused such a vacuum at his stern he did a half roll and a turn, and skidded rather out of plumb right back where he started from.

■ About that time the two young Lapps, who'd looked on during these mishaps, suggested by a certain motion that they desired some more hair lotion. So back inside the quartet went, and after that the time was spent in warming up our diaphragms with some of Terry's Swedish drams.

With each skull buster Pate would get a little more inclined to pet, and both the Lapp girls, rather stewed, were in a good receptive mood.

I did not want to cramp Pate's style, and so I told him with a smile, “I think, old scout, I'll take a snooze. I can't stay 'wake when full of booze.”

I finally woke up with a yawn. And then I gasped! The hut was gone! But there sat Pate and his Lapp chum—dividing up a quart of rum.

“How come,” I asked, “we're on the lawn? For Pete's sake, where's the igloo gone?”

“Alas!” sighed Terry with a frown. “The damn snow house has melted down! A long kiss made us both so hot we caused a big thaw round this spot!”

“Hell's bells!” I cried. “Your reckless vice will make us all a block of ice! If we sit in this arctic breeze—no hot mamma can stop my sneeze.”

“We'll build another house,” said Pate. “Let's get to work. My love can wait.”

In just two hours the hut was done. The deck was cleared for further fun. When Terry once more hit the rye, his temperature became so high, I had to rub his chest with snow to get him back around zero. Each time he kissed his new found squaw, the igloo would begin to thaw, and I would have to make a dart to pull these turtledoves apart. Unless I saved him from his jane, he'd melt the snow house down again. A referee at a boxing bout would think my job hard work, no doubt.

All of us were quite pie eyed, when several dogs barked just outside. We heard somebody stamp his feet as if to shake off surplus sleet.

"I hope," said Terry, with a grin, "a good interpreter drops in!"

And, sure enough, two burly chaps, all muffled up in sealskin wraps, crawled in the hut and stood erect. I did not know what to expect. But Pate sprang up, while I retired. "Do you speak English?" he inquired.

"Quite well," they scowled. "And Lappish, too. But what in hell is that to you?"

"Eureka!" Pate cried. "Two good cat's-paws! I knew there was a Santa Claus! Well, gentlemen, these two Lapp dames are all but bursting out in flames. The heavenly way in which they neck has turned my conscience to a wreck. If you two guys speak Eskimo—then ask the girls how far they'll go."

The strangers reeled with shocked surprise. They both had murder in their eyes.

"You bums," they roared, "will lose your lives! For these two women are our wives!"

That's all the news I stayed to hear. I made a high dive to the rear, let out one unearthly squall, and busted through the snow house wall. Pate followed one jump after me. Both right and left hand clutched a ski, and luck was with me when I spied another pair of them outside.

We started off like two reindeers. There was no shifting of our gears. I never knew that Pate could ski, but when I saw him sail by me, I was convinced he knew the ropes in going down these arctic slopes.

His only drawback to renown was that he skied by upside down.

We knew if we could hold the pace we'd finally get to some safe place.

Pate yelled, while skidding on his cheek, "We've got the speed, but no technique."

"And furthermore," I cried with heat, "I have the trousers—but no seat."

■ The miles flew past. Our breath gave out. We passed right by the Pole, no doubt; but we were much too rushed to lag in order to tack up a flag.

The fifth day Pate and I slowed down, and Pate cried: "Look, I see a town! For all I know, we're in Nebraska." We found, though, it was Nome, Alaska.

They offered us the city key, but Terry Pate agreed with me that all we wanted there in Nome was just a one way ticket home.

The folks, though, gave us both a token. The world's ski record had been broken. Of all fast Lapps who crave their fun—this last lap was the fastest one.

And then the mayor came to beseech that I get up and make a speech. He told me: "We will let you rant down at the Nome broadcasting plant. The people with their radios can listen to you brave heroes, as you tell of the valiant search you made for Lars Dupress and Burch. Too bad you could not find a sign. Dupress and Burch were friends of mine."

Pate whispered: "Take him up in this. The chance is much too good to miss. Just spread the hokum on so thick that Lindbergh will look rather sick."

■ So, standing in the public square, I put this speech upon the air:

"Gus Travis and his comrade, Pate, have just escaped a tragic fate. While we explored the universe, our folks had dusted out the hearse, but we outran the great wolf pack and finally managed to get back.

"We did not find Dupress and Burch, although we made an endless search, but found an unknown continent, and for our last meal ate our tent.

"After our balloon had busted, did we come back home disgusted? No, my friends; despite the freeze, we wandered round like Ulysses, uprooting icebergs and auroras, looking for the lost explorers.

"I have among my souvenirs a pair of badly frozen ears, and both of Pate's big toes were lost while out sleepwalking in the frost. Imagine our distressed condition—no food on hand—no ammunition—out there in that frigid air dressed in summer underwear!

"Our sleep consisted of nightmares in which we fought the polar bears; our waking hours were marked by croup and tasteless meals of shoe tongue soup—"

At this point Terry stopped my bleat, and yelled, "Look—coming up the street! No wonder they could dog our tracks, the way we skied upon our backs!"

Ere Pate and I could make a lurch, the mayor cried: "Dupress and Burch! Welcome back to Nome at last! Come, mount the platform and broadcast."

I looked at Pate. He looked at me. This bad news had us up a tree. The lost explorers were the two that chased us from their rendezvous! With Lapp vampires beyond restraint, with a polar night to spread red paint, and no policemen on their track—no wonder they had not come back.

Before we could begin to hike, they saw us standing on the mike.

"You thought you'd get away!" they cried. "But we will take you for a ride. We'll teach you with our bowie knives the proper fate for stealing wives!"

Before they could secure our pelts, we both found business somewhere else. In checking out of that foul mess, we did not leave our home address. The mercury registered minus three, but Nome was much too hot for me.

■ Mr. Travis suddenly stopped talking and assumed an expression of melancholy. Why was he so sad?

To be safely home after such an experience should make anyone elated.

"What's eating on you, Mr. Travis?" I questioned. "You ought to be thankful you weren't packed in ice and shipped back to Jonesburg in a casket. Besides, aren't you the first man to ski across the Pole?"

He gave me a hopeless glance, and said:

"I travel fast, but always find that hard luck follows close behind. When we got home and told the woe of our long search through ice and snow, our wives cried, to our great despair, 'We tuned in on that Nome affair!'

"Pate did not tarry to hear more. He made a quick dash for the door. But ere he reached the vestibule his wife had crowned him with a stool. Although he made one last brave stand, he got his throat caught in her hand. After one long choking session, Terry made a clean confession.

"You see this big hole in my vest? That's where an ice pick rammed my chest. I guess my wife used this device to make me lose my taste for ice.

"But if I knew that Lapland talk, I'd go back, if I had to walk. For I have since learned something new—the English for 'Iglu-glu'!" ■ ■

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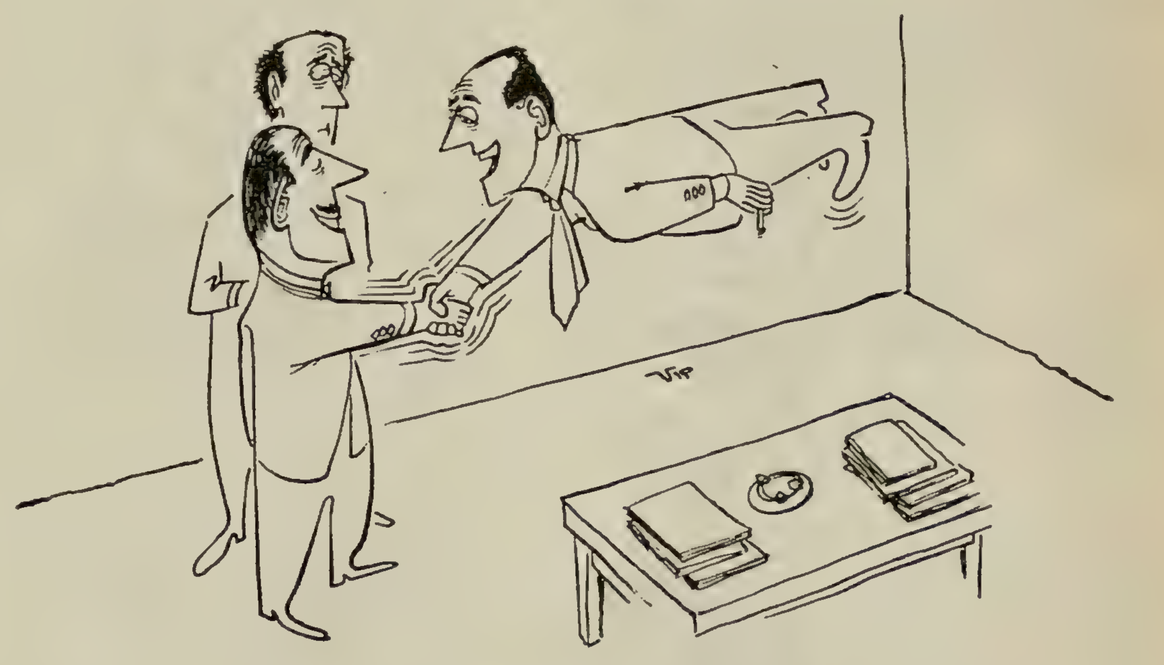

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POINT OF NO RETURN

Continued from Page 27

else. San Franciscans are that way. But in Manila I'll be an Oriental among Orientals. I think I'll feel a difference there."

Charlie smiled and shook his head. "The difference is only in shading, not even degree." His expression hardened perceptibly as he said, "Of course, it will be different with my family. They're old-fashioned Chinese who don't speak English and won't even learn Spanish. I admit they will be difficult."

Lois sat up straight and pushed the pillow away from her head. "Charlie," she said, "let's stop playing with words. You're afraid of your family. You're afraid of their wrath because you married me. And you're afraid of what will happen with the other family, the family of the girl picked out to marry you. What you've done is an insult to all of them. They've lost face. Isn't that it?"

He nodded. "Yes. The marriage arrangements have been settled ever since I was seven. Marrying you will be a terrible blow to all of them—when they learn of it."

Lois gasped, "You mean you haven't cabled?"

"No. I'm sorry, but I hadn't the nerve. I wanted you at my side when I told them, so I'd have the courage to face them."

"But, dear, all they can do is get mad."

His lips twisted into a bitter line. "You don't know the old-fashioned Chinese. I was sent to college with the dowry money paid to my father. That has to be returned. It's a considerable sum. Indemnities will be involved, too. They may even feel it necessary to boycott me from doing any business in the islands. That's an easy thing for them to do, by the way." His eyes shifted away as he mumbled, "You know I love you, but sometimes I feel—well, perhaps we were a bit hasty—"

The blood drained from Lois' face and she dropped back in her seat as if she had been slapped. She clenched her hands together until the knuckles turned white, and looked out the window to gaze into space—unseeing.

■ Mrs. Leslie had been watching the young Chinese couple, rather astonished by their rapid changes of expression. She had always considered the Oriental features as totally lacking in expression. She sighed and thought, Live and learn.

She turned to three-year-old Tommy, asleep in the seat by her side, and gently brushed the yellow curls from his eyes. When she looked away from him and stared out the window, there were tears glistening in her eyes. She thought, Why did he have to have a father like Tom? Tom was no good, never had been, and never would be. Even though he was Mrs. Leslie's brother and, at times, she had loved his easy-going slipshod manner, she had never blinded herself to his weaknesses and his total lack of responsibility.

He had even refused to accept the responsibility of his own son. His wife, too, was no better and perhaps even worse. The two of them had left Tommy with Mrs. Leslie immediately after his birth and, except for two brief visits, had not bothered with him since. Tom liked army life and now that he was a major and the tensions of war were over, he enjoyed the constant round of parties and entertaining. Tommy, he maintained would just be in the way.

Mrs. Leslie, who had been widowed by the war, had lavished all her love and affection on young Tommy. Recently, with a sudden bitter start, she realized that slowly but surely she had come to regard Tommy as her own son. He called her Mommie and his own mother was a stranger to him. That was not a natural state of affairs. Mrs. Leslie struggled with the problem for some time and then decided that whether or not his father wanted him, it would be better for all concerned if Tommy were raised by his own parents. So, without notification, she was taking Tommy to them in Manila.

She turned away from the window and looked down at the sleeping boy and a dizzying wave of pain swept through her. When she returned without Tommy, her life would be empty. And Tommy, too, would be unhappy—possibly for many years. Tom and his wife would resent the boy and probably would have little to do with him. But she hoped—she prayed with all her being—that ultimately his sweetness would win them over and they would become responsible parents. Otherwise— She refused to think of what would happen to Tommy otherwise. She had to do the "right" thing.

■ The two Filipinos, Joe and Mario, were also discussing the right thing to do. Joe was saying, "You got the wrong slant, Mario. You been hangin' around too many cheap dance halls."

Mario ran his manicured nails over glossy black hair and looked at his friend Joe in a superior manner. "Yeah?" he said. "You're just a bum, Joe. That's peasant stuff, this talk of goin' back to the land of our fathers. Me, I'm goin' places."

Joe said patiently, "What places? You was a houseboy for years, then a busboy, and now you're a waiter. Where do you go from there? Maybe a bartender. That's tops for a Filipino."

"Good dough in it, though. More than you'll ever make in the stinkin' islands."

"Maybe and maybe not. In the States you can't go nowhere, but in the islands a man can go to the top. We got a nation now, Mario. It's ours. Can't you feel what that means? It's like in the States, where a guy can come from the wrong side of the tracks and go anywhere he can make the grade, even to bein' President. Now *we* got that kind of set-up. That's for me."

"Not me, brother. I'm gettin' me a wife and flyin' right back to California."

Joe snorted, "That's what I mean. You can't even get a wife in the States, unless you marry some tramp. You gotta come clear out here to find a babe you'll marry. Know why? Because you ain't lost yet, like most of the guys we know." He said urgently, "Look, Mario. You're a kinda smart guy. Me, too. You and me, we been around and we're savvy to Stateside ways. The islands can use guys like us. We're needed. We ain't big shots and maybe never will be, but we can be men in a place we belong and we can help build the country. Don't that mean nothin' to you?"

Mario picked at his teeth with an ivory pick and for a moment squinted thoughtfully at his friend. Then he shook his head and said, "No."

The two of them looked up at Steve as he walked by, and beamed in a friendly fashion. Joe mumbled, "Nice guy."

Mario said, "You can have him."

Steve paused at the forward end of the cabin and looked back at Ann. She was still standing in the galley, but looking in his direction. Even from a distance Steve could see the mist in her eyes and the slight trembling of her lower lip. He turned quickly away, went through the bulkhead door and slammed it behind him.

Ernie grabbed him as he went by and told him, "Something rotten is brewing in Denmark, *mon capitaine.* We've lost radio contact with practically everything. I've tried Loran and even that has pooped out. Static is the worst I've ever experienced. We're on dead reckoning now."

Steve snapped, "Anything wrong with that?"

Ernie was surprised by his tone, but said, "Nothing that I know of. We're on course."

"Then I'm satisfied."

He stepped to the flight cockpit, glanced down at Kelly, and slid into the left-hand seat. Kelly was watching him with a bored expression.

Steve thought of something to keep Kelly busy and said, "Go back and help Ernie with the radio. See if you can get a fix on something."

"If Ernie can't get a fix, nobody can."

Steve roared, "Damn it, I told you to do something, so get at it!"

"Yes, sir." Kelly slid out of his seat and hurried aft.

■ Steve stared after him and was sorry he had been so irritable. He strapped himself in the seat, squirmed into a comfortable position, and ran his eyes over the instrument panel. Everything in order. He checked the fuel tanks and then switched from right front main to left rear main. He busied himself for perhaps ten minutes, trying not to think of Ann, but after a while he ran out of things to do. He closed his eyes and thought of Ann and flying the Pacific and the mist in her eyes and the chief pilot's job and sitting at a desk and Ann in their own home and himself coming home evenings and a gold sun sinking over the purple islands of the Pacific—

A slight tremor ran up his spine and faded into the metal skin of the plane. Steve opened his eyes, leaned forward, and looked down at the ocean. It was no longer a slate gray, but had turned to a rather odd bronze color. He looked to the horizon and noticed the bronze color creeping into the sky and then flooding the heavens, and there was no longer sky, ocean, or horizon. He rubbed his knuckles in his eyes and put on green sun glasses, but they only deepened the bronze color. It was as if the plane had suddenly plunged into a cloud of shimmering dust particles that obscured everything. Steve searched his memory but could not find an effect quite like it.

He removed the sun glasses and twisted about to yell for Kelly. But when he was again facing forward and Kelly was in the right-hand seat, the bronze effect had disappeared and directly ahead was a gray wall of mist. Steve had one brief glance down to an angry churning ocean and then they were in the gray stuff. The whirling props spun wet wool from their tips and the curved nose of the ship glistened wetly.

■ Kelly leaned across to ask, "Line squall?"

Steve frowned and shook his head. All of his sensory perceptions were feeling, sifting, tabulating, and comparing, trying to come up with an answer for the odd sense of premonition stirring within. Something big was stirring — big weather. When buckets of black rain slashed across the plane, Steve tightened his belt another inch and flattened his face against the side window. Nothing could be seen but the ugly sheets of cold rain. He turned on the light switches and saw the feeble gleam of the wing-tip lights and the dull glow of the instrument panel. He looked across at Kelly and could barely make out his features.

He scratched his head in perplexity, but the warning bell of an acute weather sense prompted him into action. He reached for the master throttle, cut down the speed, and called to Kelly, "Down gear."

"What the hell," Kelly protested. "We can't land on the ocean."

Steve roared, "Get those wheels down! We're not landing anywhere, but I want all the drag I can get."

The plane began to bounce slightly as Kelly ran down the wheels, then it bucked and trembled as would a car running at high speed over a corduroy road. Steve flicked the switch that turned on the lighted sign in the passengers' cabin reading: "Please fasten seat belts," and "NO SMOKING." It was now wholly dark within the cockpit, yet there was an eerie glow outside, that, though it lighted nothing, was nevertheless yellowish bronze in color; it was in the heavy rain drumming against the metal skin and the racing scud chopped by the propellers. Steve leaned toward the windshield to observe it more closely.

It was then that the plane hit the actual storm as if it had been a mass of rocks flung up from the surface of the ocean. The ship crashed into the swirling mass of air, staggered, shrieked its metallic protest, was tossed up a thousand feet to stand on one wing and then was dropped sickeningly for four thousand feet. If Steve had not before reduced speed and put the gear down, the plane would have been crushed in that first contact with the storm.

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Steve held the wheel tightly and looked back—to see Ernie plastered against the ceiling and tearing at the metal with his fingers. But when the plane came to the bottom of the downdraft with an ugly mushing halt of the descent, Ernie crashed to the floor and scrambled frantically into his seat, where he quickly strapped himself in. There was blood on his face and hands and his clothes were torn, but he made a weak O.K. sign to Steve.

Steve forgot Ernie that instant. The plane was again tossed high into the air and up on one wing. Steve fought the controls, telling himself over and over, "Keep the nose down. Keep the nose down. Don't let it stall" —fought it back onto an even keel and plunged screamingly downward. Some of the gyros spilled out, but the duplicate instruments continued to function. Steve glued his eyes on air speed and the artificial horizon and ignored everything else.

Kelly had been yelling something for a long time and at last Steve turned to look at him. Steve roared back, "Typhoon. Must have been born in this area."

Kelly paled slightly and asked, "How do we get out of it? This thing will tear the ship to pieces."

Steve said bluntly, "I don't know how to get out. They travel in an anti-clockwise direction, but I don't know if we're at the bottom of it or the top. I could turn north; but if we're at the bottom, that would mean we'd be in it that much longer. We'll stay as we are and see what happens."

He thought of Ann for an instant, prayed that she was strapped down securely, and again concentrated on the ship. The wheel was slamming and bucking in his hands, the pedals were slapping against the soles of his feet, and the compasses were spinning about as if they had gone crazy. With each lurch of the plane he could hear the tortured groan of metal and the coughing of the engines as they choked for gas and then raced wildly as it came through the lines. Also, he could hear loose articles slamming and bumping about against the walls. He hoped that none of them would tear through.

As he jammed the throttles forward to combat a sudden stall, he thought of the passengers in the aft cabin. Lord, he wondered, how are they taking this?

■ The passengers, oddly enough, were not frightened. They were dazed and appalled by the wild gyrations of the plunging ship, but it was too soon to be frightened. It was even too immense to frighten them. They could feel, but their brains could not grasp the enormous forces at play.

Ann had switched on the cabin lights and that, of course, helped to still their fears, as would a sudden light shining in a cabin window in a rainstorm react on a weary traveler. There was comfort and familiarity in light. Then, too, light was revealing and they could see that, except for pillows and magazines flying about, the cabin was intact and in order. All of their ears, however, were attuned to the great choking gasps of the engines and the scream of the propellers when they raced crazily in a partial stall. In the continued choking and roaring of those engines, they well knew, lay the safety of their lives. Still the engines, and fear would have swept through the ship.

They held on tensely, feeling the labors of the great plane in every cell of their bodies and urging it on to hold and fight forward. For half an hour the passengers held, looking not at each other, but into space, seeing into the storm with the mind's eye, and suddenly the ship made a last plunge and then it was sailing smoothly through the air, and out and up from the windows was gray light. The ocean was ugly, with mountainous waves piling over and slashing at one another. But that was far down, and where they were it was smooth sailing and the four engines were purring with synchronized power.

Mrs. Leslie heaved a great sigh of relief and turned to young Tommy, who was crying and pulling at the tight safety strap. Mrs. Leslie whispered, "Poor dear," and released the buckle of the strap. She lifted Tommy onto her lap and comforted him in her arms.

■ Only Mario, the Filipino, saw her lift the boy from his seat, and only Mario knew the nature of typhoons. He was tightening his own strap when he saw Tommy lifted onto his aunt's lap. He knew what was going to happen. They were in the "eye" of the circular storm, a small area of relative calm; but in a few seconds, he knew, they would again crash into the whirling winds, this time from the north. A quick glance out the window revealed the black wall already looming before them. He turned to yell at the woman and child, but it was too late.

Rain slashed across the wings and hammered against the cabin and the plane smashed into blackness, trembled as if it had come to a dead halt, bucked upward a few hundred feet, and then spun down like a rock in a gigantic downdraft. The force of the sudden descent tore Tommy from his aunt's arms and sent him hurtling through the cabin. Mrs. Leslie's wild scream was heard even above the roar of the storm and the pounding of vibrating metal.

Ann watched the small figure of the boy being tossed about in the cabin and, though she knew it was probably suicidal, she tore at the buckle of her safety strap. Reynolds and Charlie Wong, however, acted before Ann could get her strap loose. They scrambled into the aisle and grabbed at the boy while trying to maintain their own balance by holding to seats. Charlie was torn loose and slammed against the forward bulkhead, but managed to throw his arms about one of the empty seats. Reynolds, meanwhile, hooked his legs under two of the seats and grabbed young Tommy. It took him ten minutes to fight his way five feet and strap the boy in his own seat. But as he returned to Johnson's side, an updraft crushed him to the floor, where he slid partially under a seat and was caught by a downdraft. He tore loose and got into his own seat, but his face was chalk white and his right leg was t a queer angle. Charlie Wong was nable to return and strapped himelf into a forward seat.

Steve, up forward, was fighting the ucking wheel with hands that had one numb and fingers that could o longer feel.

He turned to look at Kelly and vas so shocked that his hands fell rom the wheel, but the ship coninued on. Young Kelly was leaning orward tensely, fighting the other vheel on his side and smiling, actully smiling. It was a thin smile, a eckless and wild smile, but it was bvious that, in spite of the imminent langer of instant destruction, Kelly vas enjoying his private battle with he typhoon. When he saw that Steve's hands were no longer busy, e took charge of the throttles also.

He was still fighting when the lackness gave way to gray and the gray faded to bronze, and then they vere through and in the sunshine, and below were the eastern islands of the Philippines. Steve straightened and took over the wheel without a word. He opened the throttles to cruising as Kelly ran up the gear and the plane purred along smoothly.

Kelly grinned at Steve and said, "That was some battle. First time I've been in a typhoon. Got kind of a kick out of it. How about you?"

Steve looked at his hands and then forward over the green land. After a while he said, "Better go back and see how the passengers made out. I—ah—I don't think I can leave my seat."

Kelly bounced to his feet, slapped Steve on the back, and then started aft, loudly whistling a tune off key. Steve watched him go, and the smile playing about his own lips was almost fatherly.

■ When they landed at Manila, Johnson was one of the first passengers out of the plane. He carried Reynolds in his arms toward the waiting ambulance. "You'll be O.K.," he said. "They'll slap a cast on that leg and you'll be walking again in no time. And don't worry about the Ling How account."

Reynolds said bitterly, "I can't even get in touch with the old Chinaman now."

Johnson chuckled, "You don't have to. You got guts, my friend. And you think fast. I need a partner like that. So suppose we join forces and I'll swing the Ling How account for the two of us. O.K.?"

Reynolds squeezed his shoulder. "O.K."

Mrs. Leslie passed them with Tommy and walked directly to the company offices. She put her purse on the counter and told the clerk, "I want two return tickets to San Francisco on the first plane out. Adult and child."

"Your child, ma'am?"

Mrs. Leslie thought of her brother and his wife and knew with terrible clarity that Tommy would always be resented and would never receive the love she could give him. "Yes," she said. "My child."

Charlie and Lois Wong stood on the ground to watch the ambulance pull away. Charlie was rubbing his own bruised arms, and Lois was touching the scar he had received on his cheek when he had been slammed against the bulkhead. She said, "Maybe you should have gone to the hospital, too."

Charlie shook his head. "We can take care of that later."

Lois asked softly, "After we see your parents?"

Charlie turned to look at her, and then he slid an arm about her shoulders. "No," he said. "First, we are going to check into a hotel and stay there a week without seeing anyone. You know, we really haven't had a proper honeymoon."

"But what about your parents? They'll be furious if you do a thing like that."

Charlie grinned. "They can wait. I'm very fond of them—you understand—but now they come second. Everything comes second—to you. An hour or so ago the two of us could have been lost to the world. Let's consider that we were. From here on we're starting all over again—together."

Lois looked up at him, smiling through the mist in her eyes.

Joe and Mario followed them across the ramp toward the administration building. Joe was saying, "I don't know, Mario, but maybe you got the right idea, after all. I was thinkin', back there, a guy only has so long to live, and if he's gonna hafta beat his brains in to get by—"

Mario said, "I was thinkin' the same thing, only not the way you're talkin'. So what if I go back to the States? Like you say, a Filipino's got no chance there. But here—" He waved an arm to embrace all of the Philippines and said, "Say, Joe, this is our country. Gives you kind of a funny feelin', don't it? Y'know, I think maybe you and me could do all right here."

Joe chuckled and said, "Yeah. You got somethin' there."

■ Kelly and Steve picked up their briefcases and, with Ann between them, walked to the administration building. Kelly headed toward the pilots' office, but Steve took Ann's arm and swung her away. They went into the main waiting room and across to the cable counter. Steve picked up a pencil and filled out a cable to the home office, accepting the position of chief pilot. Ann read the cable as he filled it out. Her hand tightened on his arm when he signed his name and shoved the cable away.

"Steve," she said, "is it true?"

He nodded. "Maybe I'll even like the job."

"But—but what made you make up your mind so suddenly?"

He thought of the reckless smile on Kelly's lips, and then he looked at his hands and said, "It would be hard to explain, but I found out that a man has to step aside at some time or other. This is my time."

Ann threw her arms about him and, oblivious to the stares of the amused people in the room, crushed her lips against his.

Steve held her tightly and chuckled, "I wouldn't call this such bad stepping aside."

"But, Steve," Ann asked, "are you sure you'll never regret it?"

He shook his head. "No chance. This is my private point of no return." ■■

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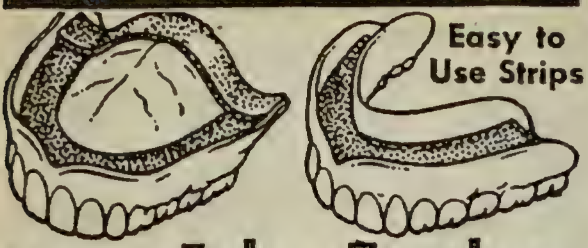

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THE OTHER CROSBY

Continued from Page 13

clasped to his sides holding up his pants. "Green? I knew nothing about singing. I didn't know how to put a song over," he admits. "Besides, I was lousy."

Weeks finally sacked the Other Crosby. Bob went back to Gonzaga. He joined a trio called the Delta Rhythm Boys, did the vocals at Fraternity Musical Wrestling Matches and other hops. It was sand-lot music at five dollars a man a night, but Bob was building for another assault on Weeks.

When a chance came for a free ride to Los Angeles in 1933 to grab Weeks, Bob ditched college again. Again Weeks took a chance. This time things went better.

In two years Bob Crosby had become an accomplished band vocalist and was with the Dorsey brothers. Then one day a New York promoter offered him $2,500 a week to lead a band of his own, or $2,425 more a week than Bob was getting at the moment, so the deal was on. The only hitch was that Crosby would have to recruit an orchestra and have it ready to play engagements in the South in ten days. Bob heard a bunch of talented kids who rehearsed in a cellar in Jackson Heights, New York. These youngsters played under the direction of Gil Rodin, who played sax. Rodin is now Bob's manager. Hastily adding a few free-lances to bring the outfit up to full strength, they were christened Bob Crosby and His Bobcats, and set to work rehearsing.

The orchestra made its first appearance for money at a dance pavilion in Wilson, South Carolina. After two weeks the band manager walked off with the payroll. Then at Tybee Beach, Georgia, a week or so later, a dour-looking man ambled up to the bandstand and drawled: "Who's the leader of this band?" Bob stepped forward. "I am, sir!" he cried.

"Then lead it the hell out of here!" the man snapped. He happened to be the owner of the place and a music critic of sorts.

■ For the next few years Fortune blew hot and cold for Bob Crosby and the Bobcats. One day the break came—the Bobcats were installed in the supper room at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas. Business, which wasn't good at first, suddenly boomed. The Bobcat rhythm, Bob's mellow voice, smart patter, and restrained clowning caught on and Dallas came to dance and listen. The echoes of this engagement reached other cities. Operating on a co-op plan, the Bobcats were soon commanding from $10,000 to $15,000 a week.

One day Bob heard a catchy little African rhythm, had his arrangers set it up. It caught on, and when it was recorded by the Bobcats, sold over 2,000,000 platters, equaling Bing's best sales. It was called Big Noise from Winnetka, and succeeded in getting the Bobcats a call from Hollywood. Bob and the Cats thereupon appeared in such movies as Let's Make Music, Thousands Cheer, and See Here, Private Hargrove. In tim Bob himself got solo parts, includin a part as a singing sheriff in a serie of musical Westerns. Came the ca to radio, starring Bob Crosby and hi cheerful emceeing – and a Bingles Bob had emerged!

He was working at the Black Hawl Club in Chicago in 1938 when he me June Kuhn, a doctor's daughter o vacation from Sarah Lawrence Col lege. A year later they were marrie in Spokane. They now have four chil dren, which makes them even wit Bing. Bob proudly reports thei brood "includes that rarity in th Crosby family—a girl. Her name i Kathy and we charge admission t the other Crosbys to see her."

■ In 1942 Bob joined the Marines Hardest thing for him to do was t break up the band.

Bob became a morale officer wit the Marines. For 16 months he go shows into the jungles, and in tim he made Tarawa and every know and unknown island in the Pacific He came home in 1945.

Bob went to work and rounded u a new corral of Bobcats, and toure the country triumphantly. In 1946 h got his first radio show on CBS.

When Campbell's Soups asked Bo to run Club 15, with Margaret Whiting and the Andrews Sisters, he aske for time to think it over. "Ten seconds later I made up my mind," h laughs. "I broke up the band and started home to get acquainted with my family."

On the financial side, Bob has made a couple of fortunes but blown them in good living and unfortunate investments.

Like Bing, Bob Crosby is an accomplished golfer. He's a quieter dresser than Bing, although his ties rave as violently as do Bing's. Like Bing, he's a pipe smoker. Bob collects beer steins and mugs, and has a record collection worth $50,000.

Whenever Bob Crosby is in San Francisco he visits Father Joe Kearney's Church of the Immaculate Conception. Father Kearney used to play the guitar with the Bobcats. "He now does his own arranging," Bob says proudly.

Bob owns a toy factory in California for side money, and is proud of the work of the Crosby foundation to encourage scientific research.

Of all his brothers, Bob admires Ted most. "He went straight—he runs a car agency in Spokane," he says. Bob has special names for each member of his family. Crosby, Sr., is known as Goodtime Charlie—because he used to come home with a white-elephant purchase the family couldn't afford. Bing has always been California Elmer; Everett, New York Charlie; and Larry (who has always wanted to be a writer and does publicity for Bing's Enterprises), No-Talkin' Joe. His mother will always be Mother Kate Harrigan. "That's her family name, but she isn't related to Ned Harrigan the actor," he explains. "But if there ever was a person the Crosbys would like to claim, it's Ned!"

Bob is best summed up as "a man who stands on his own feet." ■■

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THE EVICTION OF BENEDICT CODD

Continued from Page 24

good strong spirits, and not sixty per cent neutral grain either."

"Consider yourself as being cockeyed. What's the deal?"

"I have found out that Austin Winkler takes a class in fencing and is said to be very skilled at it. I think Austin should challenge Benedict Codd to a duel. The loser will, of course, relinquish the room to the winner."

"Will Codd accept the challenge?"

"I think so. Especially if Austin challenges him in public."

"It sounds like a swell idea," Joe said hopefully. "But I wouldn't want any bloodshed."

"The swords have pads on the ends," said Sunny. "Nobody ever gets hurt."

Joe found Austin Winkler in the library that afternoon and explained the plan to him.

"Now you're really cooking," Austin Winkler declared, and he executed several straight thrusts with an imaginary foil.

"You'll have to challenge him in public," Joe instructed. "In that way Benedict will be forced to fight, and we'll have witnesses to make him keep his word when he loses."

The opportunity came down in the Cellar the next night. Benedict Codd had just finished his beverage and was laying a quarter on the line when Austin Winkler approached, armed with a pigskin glove. He took careful aim and swiped the glove across his enemy's cheek.

Benedict Codd peered down, gaping. "Why did you do that?" he asked. He seemed more curious than displeased.

"You have insulted me," said Austin Winkler. "Therefore I challenge you to a duel."

A crowd started to gather. The big blank panes of glass that were Benedict Codd's eyes moved from face to face, then back to Austin Winkler.

"I haven't insulted you," said Benedict Codd.

"You've made my life miserable from the moment you became my roommate," Austin Winkler returned. "This duel will settle matters once and for all. If you win, I move out of the room. If I win, you move out."

"Very well, Austin–since you insist." Benedict Codd looked sad and forlorn. "You must realize, however, that dueling is anachronistic."

"There will be a full moon next Friday. I suggest we meet Friday night at ten o'clock in the football stadium. Is that date suitable to you?"

Benedict Codd nodded, got change for his quarter, and hunched out of the Cellar sadly.

■ Joe and Sunny were busily playing freeze-out Friday evening when Austin Winkler barged into the room. He wore a gray sweat suit and carried a long case under his arm.

"You're early," said Joe, shuffling the cards.

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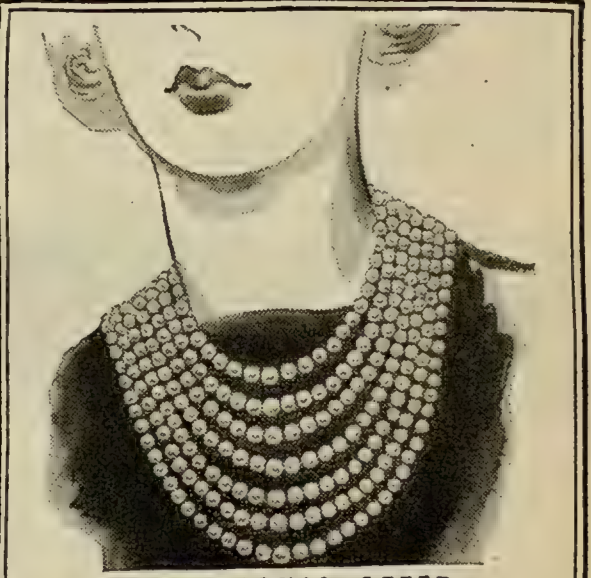

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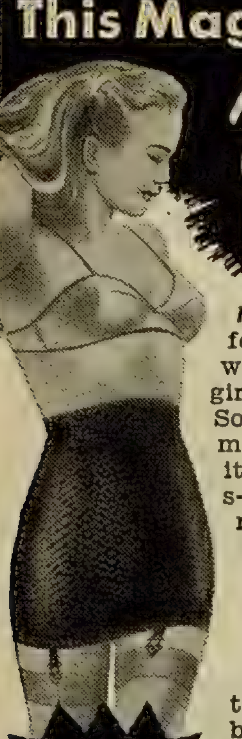

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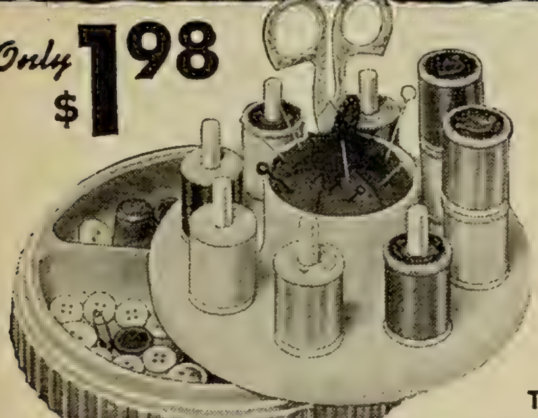

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"Benedict locked me out of the room, so I dressed over in the gym."

"He looks kind of nervous," remarked Sunny.

"That's because I'm thinking of what I am going to do to him," grinned Austin Winkler. He opened up the case and pulled out two king-sized rapiers. Each point was like the business end of an ice pick.

Joe frowned. "You don't intend to use those things?"

"Why not?"

"Where are the rubber tips?"

"They're only used for practice fencing," said Austin Winkler. "In an affair of honor the tips are removed."

"But you're liable to hurt the guy," Joe protested.

"Certainly." Austin Winkler's pale eyes glittered. "I intend to give him a few good scars to remember me by."

Joe tossed the cards on the table and turned to Sunny. "This isn't right," he said. "We can't stand by and watch that poor stoop get carved up like a turkey."

"Nothing we can do about it," said Sunny. "I doubt if Codd has any blood in him anyway."

"That," announced Austin Winkler grimly, "is something I intend to find out."

■ They drove to the stadium in Joe's jaloppy, arriving at a quarter to ten. Twenty or thirty spectators had already turned out, and more were on the way. The moon was a pale floodlight suspended directly above the fifty-yard line.

Joe sat on the players' bench feeling very unhappy. He hated himself, and he hated Austin Winkler. It was a toss-up as to which one he hated more, but finally he decided the edge was with Winkler.

Sunny leaned back on the bench, puffing his pipe contentedly. "This is liable to be a good show—provided Brother Benedict shows up," he said. "I'm glad I thought of it."

Joe decided he hated Sunny too.

Ten o'clock came; then ten fifteen. Austin Winkler did some warm-up exercises, demonstrated a few thrusts for the spectators, and finally walked over to Joe. "Looks like he's not coming," he said. "Scared, probably."

"Isn't that him?" pointed Sunny.

Everybody stared across the stadium. Benedict Codd had emerged from Tunnel 64, on the other side. He wore black full-dress with a white vest, wing collar, and white tie. A package was tucked under his arm.

There was a dead silence as he walked up to the bench. "Mr. Winkler," he said, "I am prepared to accept your challenge."

Austin Winkler picked up both of the rapiers and held them in the crook of one arm. "Choose your weapon," he said.

Benedict Codd leaned over, as if to see what Austin Winkler was offering him. "No, thank you," he replied. "Since I have a choice of weapons, I select these."

He opened up the package he was carrying and unwrapped two thirty-two-caliber revolvers.

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Austin Winkler stepped back as though he had just beheld two live rattlesnakes. "But I—don't want to fight with guns!"

"Guns are my choice," said Benedict Codd firmly.

"Guns it is," declared Mink Murdock, the football player. "The guy challenged always gets his choice."

"Are they—loaded?" Austin Winkler squeaked nervously.

Benedict Codd broke open the guns. "Six cartridges in each," he said. He snapped them shut and handed one to Austin Winkler. Then he removed his glasses.

"Why are you doing that?"

"I have telescopic vision," Codd explained. "With my glasses off I can see the mole on your chin two hundred yards away. I will give you five-to-one odds that I shoot you through the heart with the first bullet."

"You—want to kill me?" Austin Winkler was shaking hard.

"Well," said Benedict Codd, "I have thought the matter over carefully. I don't believe any judge will give me the maximum penalty. I figure five to seven years—"

■ Joe Thomas melted back into the crowd. He wanted to creep down one of the tunnels—get as far away as he could—but a morbid fascination held him. He saw the two men walk onto the field and stand back to back on the fifty-yard line. Mink Murdock had agreed to do the counting. They were to take ten paces, turn and fire at will. Austin was going through with it.

"One . . . two . . . three. . . ."

Mink Murdock started counting. Joe watched Austin Winkler take the paces unsteadily, weaving with every step.

"Four . . . five . . . six. . . ."

Joe grabbed the back of a bench for support.

"Seven . . . eight . . . nine—"

On the ninth count Austin Winkler turned and fired.

Benedict Codd whirled the moment he heard the shot. He took careful aim and pulled the trigger.

"He hit me!" Austin Winkler staggered, clutching his side; then fell flat. As he struck the ground, Benedict Codd fired five more times.

For a moment Joe was frozen with horror. Then everybody started to run for the tunnels, so he joined the stampede. He went out the wrong tunnel and wandered about the eucalyptus grove looking for his car. When he found it, he saw Sunny slouched comfortably in the seat with both feet on the dashboard.

"Hi," said Sunny. "What kept you?"

Joe started the car. "What'll we do?" he asked gloomily.

"I suggest we go have a drink at the Dutchman's."

"A drink? With Austin Winkler lying dead in the stadium?"

"He isn't dead," said Sunny.

"He must be," Joe insisted. "Benedict shot him six times—and I know he hit him the first shot."

"Benedict Codd couldn't hit the side of the library at fifty feet with a seventy-five-millimeter gun," Sun-

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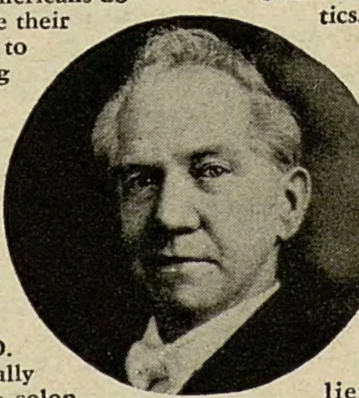

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ny replied. "Without his glasses h is totally blind."

"But he said he had telescopic vision. Didn't you see Austin grab hi side after that first shot?"

"Sure," said Sunny. "But I'm th one who shot him."

Joe nearly ran the car into an irrigation ditch.

"Take it easy," said Sunny. " only shot him with a BB."

Joe scowled at the windshiel "Comrade Neilson," he said, "I smel sabotage from here to breakfast."

"I cannot tell a lie, Comrad Thomashevski," said Sunny. "I did i with my little air gun." He took th pneumatic pistol from his pocket an wigwagged it in front of Joe's face

"You started this duel just to mak Austin look silly!"

"He already looked silly," sai Sunny. "I had a better reason. wanted to pass Criminology. Remember the night they tied poo old Benedict up like a pretzel? Well I sneaked upstairs and untied him He was very grateful. Knowing good deal when I see it, I offered t help him get even with Austin if h would tutor me in Criminology Thanks to his tutoring I am still i school. I passed."

"Congratulations," said Joe morosely. "I suppose Murdock and thos other lugs were in on it too."

Sunny nodded. "I had a little trouble with Mink. He wanted to sli some real bullets into the guns, bu I persuaded him to load 'em wit blanks."

■ Joe drove on silently. Finally h said, "It looks like Benedict keeps the room."

"No," said Sunny. "Benedict has flunked out. He got so interested i rehearsing for the duel he forgot t show up for exams."

"I don't think Austin will require the room either," mused Joe. "Tomorrow, when the guys start in o him for shooting on the count o nine, he will feel like evicting the nearest gopher and crawling dow the hole. But even if Austin leaves school, he'll see to it that I don't ge his job at Kappa House."

"It is for the best," said Sunny. "You wouldn't enjoy dealing oatmeal to a bunch of biddies. By the way—we are celebrating my success in Criminology tomorrow night, and I have arranged a blind date for you with a certain Dolan gal."

"Marcia?" Joe acted as though he had just received two hundred and twenty volts at the base of the spine.

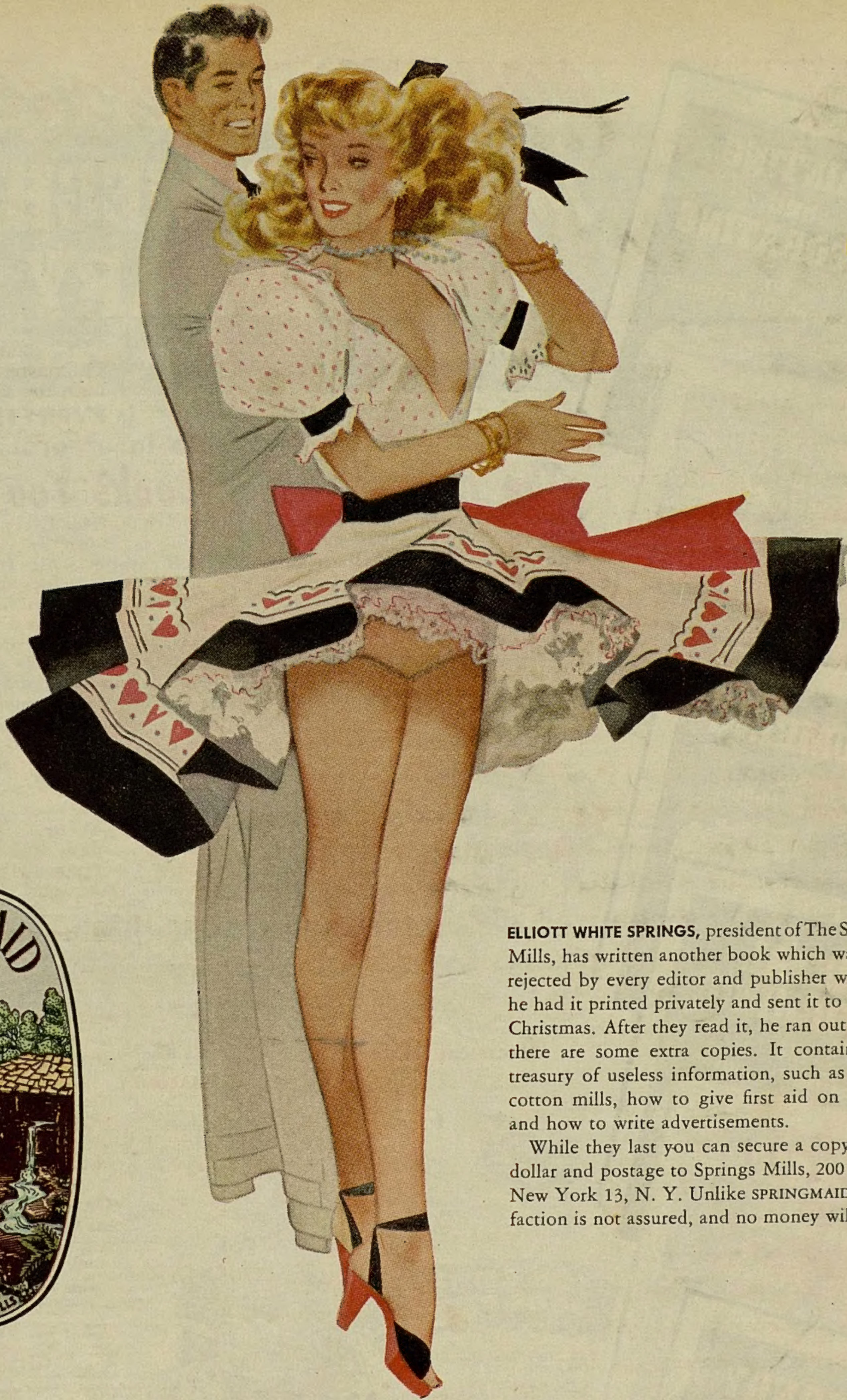
"That's her name. Buggy eyes and sort of fat in the chops. She's been sitting next to me in Criminology."

"No kidding? Why didn't you tell me you knew her?"

"You never asked."

"Sunny—I don't see how you could sit next to that sweet, gorgeous creature for three months and never mention her name to me. Furthermore, do not refer to her as being fat and bug-eyed—you are speaking of the woman I love!"

"Sorry, chum. But I advise you to bring along that fifth of whisky you owe me." He gave Joe a satisfied leer. "Confidentially—she drinks." ■■



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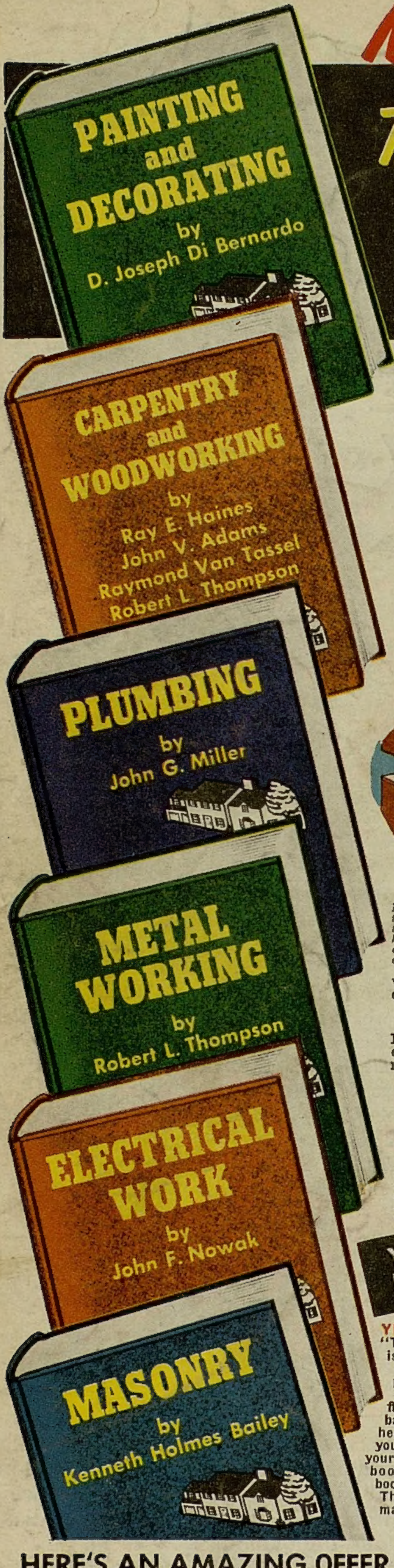
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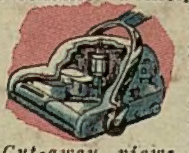

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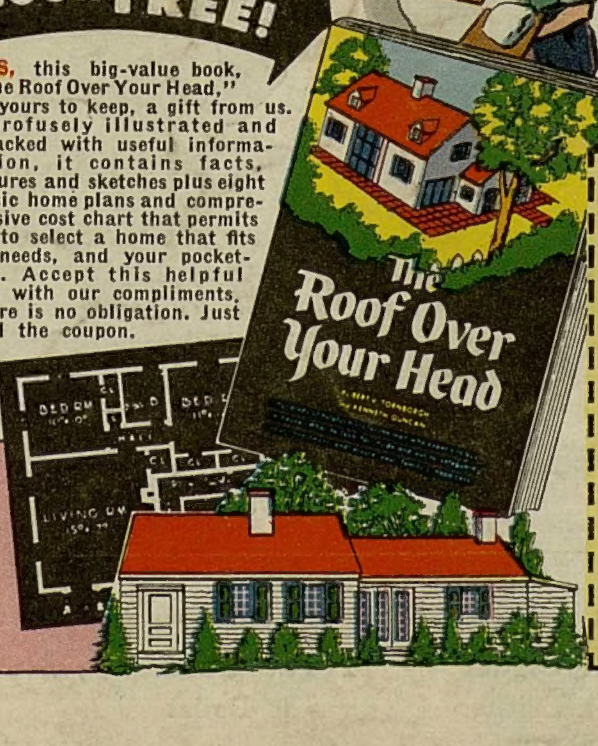
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